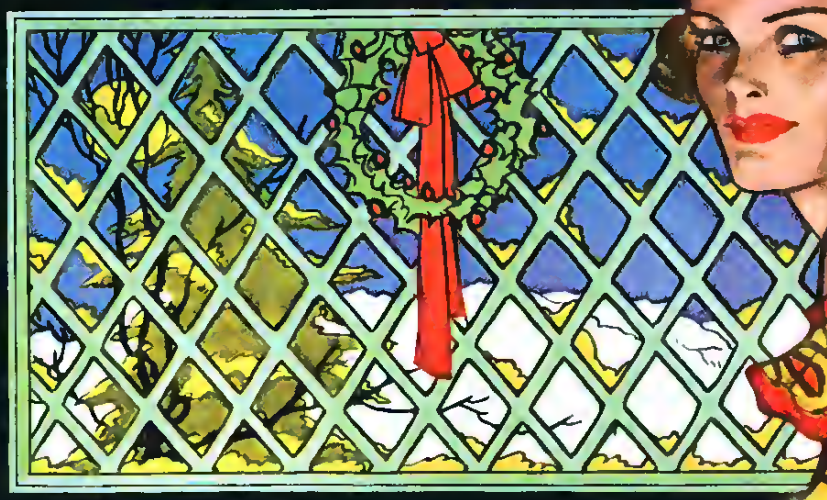
College Humor

Sense

15 CENTS

DECEMBER



CAN GIRLS TAKE IT?

"Red" Grange

James Aswell

B. C. Forbes

"Albie" Booth



NRA
WE DO OUR PART

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES—



TO BE AMERICA'S GREATEST STUNT GIRL



FROM A RACING AUTO into a hurtling plane...It's all in the day's work for Mary Wiggins. She says, "Camels never give me edgy nerves even when I smoke a lot."

JOE: Are you nervous after your first flight?

SUE: Not a bit...I smoked Camels all the way, and I couldn't feel better.





A MATCHLESS BLEND

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

LISTEN TO MARY WIGGINS—greatest of all girl stunt performers. She says:

"I have to be *sure* my nerves are healthy to do my stunts, changing from a speeding auto to a plane, the high dive on fire into fire, wing walking while up in a plane, and the high-altitude parachute jump. As to smoking, I've found that *Camels* don't interfere with healthy nerves. I've tried all the brands. Camels are *milder* and better in *flavor*. They do not give me edgy nerves even when I am smoking a lot."

* * *

You'll like that rich Camel flavor and mildness. And your nerves will tell you the difference there is in Camel's costlier tobaccos.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES **NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

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To Good Health & Good Cheer



LET Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer grace the festive board . . . it's hearty and healthy—sociable and sensible, the best of the better beers. . . . And after you order it once, it will become your standing order—for holidays and other days as well.



PABST

BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1933, PREMIER-PABST CORP.



"I often sit and wonder what's wrong with American colleges."

College Humor and Sense

DECEMBER 1933 • Twelfth Year • Number 119

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NEXT MONTH

IF YOU LIKE LOVELY GIRLS

BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

You'll want to frame the first and all the rest of the series of portraits of college girls which Mr. Brown is doing for this magazine, beginning in January.

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Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!



Mildred's eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred's brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there's a "but" about Mildred!



Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Mildred is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the "but" about Mildred spoils her good times!



Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the "but" about Mildred is her teeth!



Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. *Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"*



If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!



Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Are you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

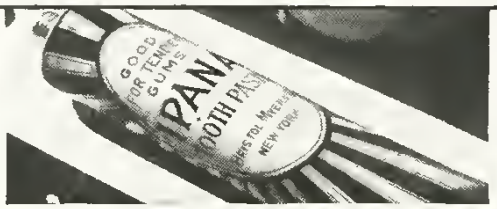
Your dentist knows just as much about "pink tooth hrush" as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that "pink tooth brush" can he corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you *don't* correct "pink tooth hrush," your teeth may hecome dull and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirahle and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea . . . that the soundest of your teeth may he endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred's gums . . . and *yours* . . . tend to hleed. They are inactive. They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will hrighten. Your gums will soon he firm. And you'll he attractive when you smile!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEONESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATEO N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. CH-123
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

collegiana.

BY R. W. MICKAM

The N. R. A. Santa Claus

CHRISTMAS approaches and the nation prepares to hang up its stocking for the gifts of the New Deal. Santa Claus this season comes in the guise of a group of college professors who, cloaked with political power, are attempting with new maxims to lead America out of the wilderness of depression into the promised land of the N. R. A.

Somewhat upsetting to the older generation are the teachings of these modern day savants. Bewildering, too, they must he to many undergraduates whose charts of life have up to now heen shaped hy teachings of discarded copy hooks. For example, it used to be axiomatic that the way to succeed was to rise early, work hard and long and save the earnings against a rainy day. The professors reverse the theory. They say: "Work fewer hours and spend all you can." In economic thinking, they suhstitute the radical doctrine that the common good is ahove considerations of individual selfishness. In other words, they are attempting to apply the Christmas spirit to everyday husiness. Perhaps this isn't such a had idea after all.

Cram and Remember

A PROMINENT professor at the University of Wisconsin takes a rap at another pet theory. It has always heen popular helief that the person who learns rapidly forgets rapidly, and that the plodder is more apt to retain permanently what he acquires through arduous effort. Apparently this theory has heen nothing hut a sop for the sluggard. It isn't true, according to the Wisconsin authority. In a recent statement in dêfense of cramming for examinations he stated emphatically that "Material learned rapidly is retained hetter than that gathered by long hours of application."

Pedal Mathematics

HERE are four feet that make a yard. Edward "Red" Wade and Ione Turbet present the long and short of hasic facts at Utah State Agricultural College. Wade, a sophomore foothall star, nestles his toes in size fourteen shoes. Miss Turhet, senior and former Student Body secretary, cuddles her tootsies in tiny size fours. Thus the two of Edward's fourteens and the two of Ione's fours equal just thirty-six which, as everyone knows, is just a yard of feet.



Students Work Harder

DOES the lap of luxury or the hard grind of poverty produce hetter manhood? This is an age-old discussion which will prohahly never be settled conclusively one way or the other. Too many exceptions on hoth sides of the argument make any general conclusion indecisive. Theodore Roosevelt was horn to wealth. Ahraham Lincoln came up from poverty. Take your choice. But the school-of-hard-knocks advocates would seem to he in the saddle right now if the statement of the dean of Dartmouth on this suhject has heen correctly quoted. He says students who have entered major colleges and universities since the depression have hung up an all-time record for scholarship. This he attrihutes to the new seriousness of purpose which motivates the activities of college men and women today. At Dartmouth, for example, in the old days ahout seventy freshmen flunked out at the end of each year, while last year only five freshmen had to leave school hecause of failure to make the required grades.



"I don't care if he *is* a fraternity brother—he isn't welcome here!"

Church Dating Passing

THE girl who grows up and goes to Vassar doesn't necessarily forget the home-town boy. Twenty-six percent of a representative group of Vassar alumnae, recent investigation shows, have married men whom they knew from childhood. But the number of those meeting future husbands in church work has taken a radical nose-dive. In the 1870's fourteen percent succeeded in going to the altar with men dated at church, while in recent years only two percent have met their fate singing psalms.

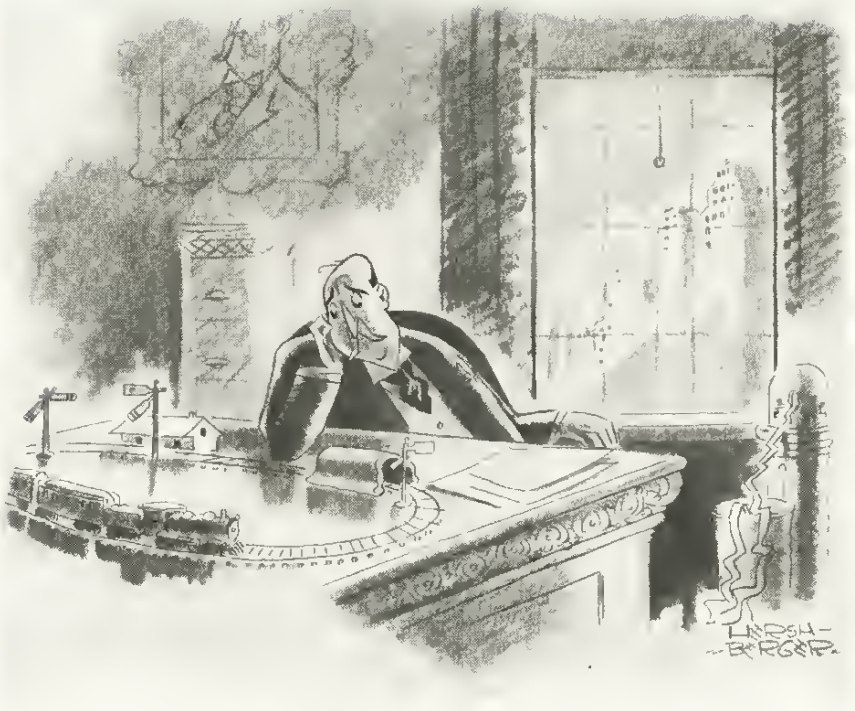
Expensive Cutting

UNIVERSITY of Maryland students last year were fined three dollars for every unexcused absence from class. State universities would do well to follow this lead and tax students who without good and sufficient reasons stay away from lectures. Why should taxpayers pay good money to maintain classes for students who do not think enough of these classes to attend regularly? The least the indifferent student should he asked to do under the circumstances is to return to the school some of the money fruitlessly expended upon him.

The Light That Shines

MISS DOROTHY DANIELS of Auburn, Mass., has heen blind since infancy, yet the hrilliancy of her intellect has just won outstanding recognition. Despite a handicap that would have discouraged most students years ago, Miss Daniels has just been awarded the much coveted Worcester Radcliffe College Cluh scholarship which entitles her to four years of study at Radcliffe. In addition to being an outstanding student, she is proficient at bridge, solitaire and music.





"Just a few more days and I'll have to take it home and give it to Junior!!"



Dirty Work

THE mud flies when the Alphas and the Betas of Los Angeles Junior College wage war. In fact, there's lots of mud-slinging. If you doubt the literal truth of this assertion, look at the evidence. Eddie Epstein, who captained a team of Alphas in a recently murky hattle, is here being congratulated by Jean Milliken. And, my, what a soiled hand she has as the result!

Then and Now

"ONE of the duties of the first professor at Rochester University was to chase cows off the campus" says a news dispatch. Following in this tradition, the men students at this co-educational school now spend considerahle time chasing calves across the same hallowed ground.

Get a Motor Car

AMMUNITION for students now hard at work to convince parents of the need of a new motor car for college use this year and a tip to motor car sales managers on where to look for intelligent prospects comes from Denison University. Statistics gathered at that school show that men who drove motor cars on the campus last year made grades averaging twenty-five percent higher than those who walked.

Sign of the Times

WORD just reaches us that one co-ed at the University of Chicago received her master's degree on a thesis entitled, "Four Ways to Wash Dishes". Now if she only remembers one of these later on, some husband is destined to be happy.

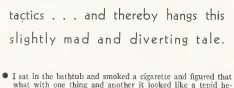
Ask to Hang

ONE of the higgest laughs of the last college year comes from Texas University. In the closing days of school fifty men students signed a petition to the president asking him to hang them on a specified date as a sacrifice to a prominent campus co-ed. The petition was circulated hy two students who argued the petitioners into signing the document without first reading it. No official action was taken heyond the president's suggestion that the students hang themselves and save the University the expense.

the nuder gender

by Joseph Hilton Smyth

Tad wasn't getting anywhere with his girl, so he decided to change his tactics . . . and thereby hangs this slightly mad and diverting tale.



● I sat in the bathtub and smoked a cigarette and figured that what with one thing and another it looked like a tepid beginning for the summer, with fewer divorces and fewer engagements on account of the depression, and with Uncle Nadab Winters going around looking very low indeed over the high life of the summer residents, which wasn't anything to get up in the air or down in the mouth about, as things were, anyway.

From downstairs a gong sounded twice. I got up, dressed in some white pants and a new blue jacket and whatnot, and went down to the dining room and Uncle Nadab. He was wearing a black alpaca suit and a white boiled shirt and a dejected-looking black string tie, and he looked at me over some rimless eyeglasses and a spoonful of consommé, and said, "Late again, Thaddeus."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He swallowed the spoonful of consommé, and after a minute his Adam's apple got back into place again between the points of his collar, and he added, "A bad habit, Thaddeus. A very bad habit."

I glanced up from my own consommé, which had sort of a disappointed taste, as though it had come from a cow that had been more or less of a failure, and had ended up very far from being contented, and said, "Sir?"

"Being late!"

I said, "Yes, sir."

I ate some lamb and some mint sauce and new peas, and wondered what sort of a dance it would be that night, and how Nardine would act. Then Uncle Nadab said, "Are you remaining home this evening?"



In the flickering light I looked into a pair of sherry-tinted eyes I had never seen before; then she turned swiftly, and I found myself staring blankly at two tiny moles on her left shoulder blade.

I said, "No, sir." I knew my answer probably meant trouble. He frowned.

"The Yatch Club," I explained. "The regular Friday night dance."

Then he frowned some more, first at his bread pudding, and then at me. "I fear I don't approve at all."

"But you're a member," I protested. "You were one of the founders of the club."

"When I helped start the Yatch Club," he announced slowly, "it was our intention to confine the—ah—activities strictly to boating, not to establish a rendezvous for libertines. A dancing dive! A place for half-naked women to stumble about in the arms of—ah—of men no better than they should be!" His face began getting a little red. "A sink," he said, "of iniquity!"

I said, "Yes, sir," because there didn't seem to be anything else to say, diplomatically. After twenty-two years I was getting kind of attuned to Uncle Nadab's broadcasts, static and all. So I took a sip of coffee, and waited, and he went on, "I think it would be much better if you remained at home, Thaddeus."

"At home?"

"At home," he repeated. "Revelry, in times like these, is out of place. It is always out of place, for that matter."



"I'm not going to revel any," I protested. "I'm just going to a dance."

He looked at me bleakly. "You know my wishes."

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I've already made an engagement." And as there was nothing left to eat I got up and waited until I was outside before I lit a cigarette, because Uncle Nadab objected to cigarettes, along with quite a number of other things.

Half an hour later I drove over to pick up Nardine, and found her along with the rest of her family having coffee on the terrace of the Flanders' hut. Sitting there with the light from some French windows streaming out over her, she looked very much as she always did, which no way to complain about. She had cool golden hair, and cool blue eyes, and cool ivory skin that never seemed to tan, and she waved a hand at me coolly as I came up.

I said, "Good evening" to her mother and father and her brother Pedbourne, who had just arranged two years at Harvard behind him in such a way that there seemed no likelihood of there being a third, and then turned to Nardine and said, "Shall we be on our way?"

Nardine stood up, and brother Peddy stood up, saying, "Mind if I barge along with you?"

I squinted at him thoughtfully.

"I tangled up with a tree this afternoon," he explained joyously, "and the tree recovered but my kiddie-car didn't. And Dad won't let me use his."

Mr. Flanders grunted, and I said, "I don't blame him."

"What a help you are," Peddy protested. "Well, how about it?"

I said, "The rumble seat's locked, and I forgot the keys."

"I can squeeze in front with you two."

"Of course you can," Nardine decided, and turned to me. "Don't be a mollycwog, Tad! What difference does it make?"

Well, as long as she felt that way about it, it evidently didn't make much difference whether we were alone or not, so I shrugged my shoulders, and we went down to the car. Peddy opened the door, and I said quickly, "Wait a minute, Peddy. I just found the keys to the rumble."

I turned the car around and started toward the club, not saying much of anything, but thinking about this and that, and we went over a couple of bad ruts in the road, and Nardine bounced for a moment against me and withdrew voluntarily. I slowed down a little. "I'd like to see you alone once in a while, Nardine," I managed finally, "just once in a while."

Nardine straightened up. "Whatever for? I mean, you see me practically every day."

ILLUSTRATED BY
JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Yeah. And half the population of Bournehaven besides."

"But honey! Can I help it if people like to be with me? After all. . ."

I said, "I don't know."

"What?"

"I don't know," I repeated. "I don't know whether you can help it or not."

She gave a funny kind of a laugh that really didn't sound much like one when you stopped to think it over.

"And after all," she reminded me, after a moment's pause, "it isn't as though we were really engaged. We aren't, really, you know."

I said, "I was beginning to think that, too. I mean, it had, in a manner of speaking, occurred to me." I stepped on the accelerator and we bounced over several more bumps, and Peddy let out a rumble from the grumble seat and I slowed down a little. All in all, I decided that this was no way to start a large evening.



"I'm getting pink toothbrush or something," I admitted. "My uncle has been climbing under my ears again."

"What's wrong now?"

"Nothing new. Just a few revisions of the old story. I left him busy objecting to about everything in general."

"Why do you stand for it?" she demanded.

I told her I was kind of used to it. After all, he was my uncle, and I had lived with him practically all my life, except for the time I was away at school. "I guess the depression hurt his business," I added.

Nardine made a noise that sounded like a snort. *"Business!* He never did a day's work in his life! What business has Nadab Winters got, I'd like to know?"

I grinned. "Plenty!" Then, when she just snorted again, I tried to explain how he had started in as a lad, joining every society for the suppression of anything that came along; and when he had used up all the societies there were, he had started in forming new ones. Anti-cigarette, anti-dancing, anti-theater . . . I gestured vaguely. "You know," I said, "about everything but anti-panties . . ."

"I don't know," Nardine murmured, "but it doesn't sound any too cheerful. Still—"

"He can't help it," I cut in. "It's a disease. Moral acidity. Like athlete's foot, only more so. Fallen arches in the temple of progress."

I jittered in among the cars surrounding two sides of the Yatch Club and parked, and Peddy hopped out of the rumble, rubbing himself here and there and moaning that he wished he were a woman and that bustles were back in vogue. I locked the car and looked up at the sky and decided that there would be no moon that night.

The club was pretty well crowded with a lot of grandparents and grandchildren dancing and getting in one another's way, as they do in the summer at clubs, and the members of the generation in between were busy explaining how they happened to be there instead of some other place. I started dancing with Nardine, and before I could stumble twice Harvey Grace cut in.

That was the way it had been all through the past weeks—somebody cutting in every time I was with Nardine. If I was swimming with her and thought we were alone and so much as turned my head, one of the waves would blossom into a boy from Princeton, or a couple of pieces of seaweed would become a couple of sophomores from Yale. If I said anything to Nardine, she would just laugh—a very clear crystal-like kind of laugh. "But, honey! You don't want me to go around in black glasses and baggy tweeds and hide in the rain like Greta Garbo, do you?"

So I spent the next half hour cutting in and being cut out, stepping on toes on the installment plan, and watching Nardine. Finally I gave up, and wandered down toward the locker rooms, where the stags at eve congregate to drink their fill, looking for Tubby Wordman. I found Tubby on his knees, in a very reverent attitude, along with several other young gentlemen, also on their knees, muttering over and over, "L'il Phoebe. Come on, you l'il Phoebe!"

Tubby looked up at me and said, "Hello, Tad."

I said, "How's everything?"

He said, "Lousy!" and added that if wishes were horses he would be just another stableboy, or words to that effect, and fingered a worn two dollar bill sadly.

Stew Jackson and a couple of other players got up, and Tubby and I moved over toward a bench. Harvey Grace came in, scowled at me, and went out, and Tubby grinned after him. "There goes your pal, Tad."

I said, "Yeah."

Tubby said, "What's wrong between you two?"

"He's trying to cut in on my time with Nardine."

Tubby scratched his left ear and closed his right eye and gazed at me thoughtfully. "You know what I think, Tad?"

"What?"

"You don't know much about women. . . . The trouble with you," he went on, "is that you try to reason with women. You try to reason with Nardine."

"Why not? She isn't deaf."

Tubby said, "No—but she's female. And the female of the species is more heady than the male, and all that, but you can't reason with them."

"Nardine is different."

"Sure! They're all different. That's why they sell different flavors of lipstick. So's you can tell 'em apart."

I started to interrupt and he waved a cigarette at me and went on: "I'm not panning Nardine. Don't get me wrong. I think she's a swell girl and all that. I think you're both swell, and I hope you both wake up in Gretna Green some morning with a marriage certificate under your pillow and that all your children are radio crooners. But you're off on the wrong foot."

"You're off on more than that," I told him. "Are you giving the reminiscences of Don Juan or a marathon runner?"

He said cheerfully that it was sex to one and half a dozen to the other, and that what he was trying to get through my head was that the race wasn't always to the swiftest line. "All I'm trying to explain," he said finally, "is that you gotta be the master. You either master the women, or the women master you. Like horses."

I just looked at him.



"That's what you've got to do with your woman," he said. "With Nardine, I mean. Show her who's boss, and then instead of you worrying about her, she'll be worrying about you. See?"

I said mechanically, "Yeah. I see."

He looked at me a little dubiously as I got up from a bench to follow him out towards the dance, and then he stopped me with one hand, and with the other fished in his left hip pocket and pulled out a silver-plated flask.

"Here," he offered. "If you feel you need inspiration, or courage, or the hiccoughs, or anything, snuggle into a corner somewhere and chew down some of this."

● A little later I cut in on Nardine, cutting out Harvey Grace and the sunshine of his guile at the same time, and after we had caromed off several becalmed couples heading for squalls, Nardine smiled up at me and said, "All over your grouch, Tad?"

I said, "I feel swell now."

She looked at me some more, as though to make certain, and then smiled again. We got caught in a kind of backwash from a stumbling skipper abeam of us, and when we had sailed clear she went on: "You won't have to take me home, Tad."



● Nardine said how about coming over and driving her down to the Beach Club and I said I couldn't, and then I hung up quickly. Somehow Nardine didn't seem as important as she had the day before.

I said patiently, "Would you mind telling me how come?"

She hesitated for a minute. "I'm going on to another party."

"That's fine," I told her, "but I've got something I want to give you before you go. Meet me on the end of the side veranda as soon as you can, will you?"

Just as I finished Harvey Grace succeeded in breasting the summer swells surrounding us and murmured crooningly, "Sorry, Winters," and I was buffeted back to the sidelines. I stood there until I caught Nardine's eye and then nodded in what I hoped was a significant way, and headed out for the side veranda.

Down towards the far end it was very dark, with no moon to help things out, and any stars that there might have been were hidden by a layer of thin fog seeping in from the bay, along with rum-runners, the tide, and a faint odor of fish. I smoked a cigarette, trying to straighten things out in my mind, and wondering if Nardine would really come out to me. Tubby wasn't so far from wrong; any way I looked at it I was getting very few places with Nardine, outside of places she wanted to go and I didn't. I decided that maybe he was right, and I talked too much instead of acting, because when you talk to a woman she can always prove that you are wrong, or else too stubborn to bother with.

I knew from experience that there wasn't anything I could say to Nardine to make her change her mind about barging off on some party with Harvey Grace. Just as I had made up my mind I wouldn't have a chance to say anything, in any case, as she wasn't coming out, I heard her footsteps and saw the faint outline of her dress alongside me. I threw away my cigarette, swallowed hard and reached out.

One hand caught her by the arm, and the other by a shoulder that felt very firm and cool, and before I could stop to think I drew her close and crushed her against me and tried to remember the last Clark Gable film I had seen. While I was still trying to remember I found her lips with mine, and after a long moment I felt her arms creep around my neck. I thought quickly that Tubby was right and to hell with remembering Clark Gable films, and then I just gave up thinking.

But it was one thing to give up thinking, and another thing to give up breathing. So when I felt her lips moving away, I loosened my arms and stepped back a couple of inches and tried to think of something bright to say. Then I figured it might be brighter to say nothing, so I reached for a cigarette and matches, struck a match . . . and then I heard a sharp gasp. In the flickering light from the match I looked into a pair of sherry-tinted eyes that I had never seen before.

I knew that I had never seen them before, for seeing them once you could never forget them. I made sure of that. Before I could take in the rest of her face she had turned swiftly, and I found myself staring blankly at two tiny moles, one exactly below the other, on her left shoulder blade.

The match went out, and she was gone. Later I discovered that before the match went out it burned blisters on the thumb and forefinger of my right hand. . . .

When I woke up the next morning a chapter of birds were holding a sort of D. A. R. convention outside my window, and I listened to them while I thought about the night before and watched the changing patterns of sunlight on the walls. I had spent the time until the dance ended jittering around and about and here and there looking for a girl with sherry-colored eyes and two moles that looked like beauty spots.

Later, while I was having coffee, [*Continued on page 52*]



• **"This is high enough for me, Henry. Let's start going down."**

"I had a date with a professional explorer last night."

"Huh, that's all I ever have dates with!"

Old Lady to Old Tar: Excuse me—do those tattoo marks wash off?

Old Tar: I can't say, lady. —*Annapolis Log.*

"How did you persuade your old man to send you to college for another year?"

"I told him if he didn't I'd get married, and I guess he thought he couldn't afford that."

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the Negro as he left the house. —*Annapolis Log.*

SIC TRANSIT

By Ruth Tracy Millard

Some day I will forget you;
I have forgot before.
Some day I'll wait no longer
Your knock upon my door.

Some day the silver music
Of leaf-drip after rain,
The rainbow's false, bright promise
Will cease to give me pain.

I'll learn to see your going
Not as a thing apart
But as another vanished dent
In an India-rubber heart.

"I put everything I had in that picture."

"Yes, and it looks as if you put everything your model had into it, too." —*U. P. I. Skipper.*

Child: God gives us our daily bread, doesn't He, Mamma?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Child: And Santa Claus brings the presents?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Child: And the stork brings the babies?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Child: Then, tell me, Mamma, just what is the use of having Papa hang around? —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

OUR IMPRESSION OF A GRAFT INVESTIGATION

1st Day: Party No. 1 accuses Party No. 2 of libel, petty larceny, larceny, grand larceny, great-grand larceny, assault, battery and murder.

2nd Day: Party No. 2 lays bare home and past life of Party No. 1, embellishing the pleasing little tale with the fruits of his imagination, which evidently consisted of over-ripe tomatoes and ancient eggs.

3rd Day: Both parties dare each other to appear before the District Attorney (who is away on a month's vacation).

4th Day: State Legislature resolves to conduct an investigation.

5th Day: State Legislature appoints committee to investigate the case.

6th Day: Committee meets and has trouble with lobbyists (and ticket scalpers).

7th Day: Sunday, a day of rest—in the Blue Laws, the Sabbath. Both parties discovered drinking beer together in the D. A.'s office.

8th Day: Investigation called off on account of rain. —*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Wife: I can't afford an operation now.

Hubby: No, you'll just have to talk about the old one for another year.

"Dearest Hortense," wrote Bud, hopelessly in love, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips.

As always,

BUD.

"P. S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain." —*New York Medley.*

I-C (at after-dinner speaking): My watch has stopped. How long have I been speaking?

Another One (impatient): You'll find a calendar in the hall.

—*Annapolis Log.*

He: I've just come from a dog-show.

She: Did you win a prize?

—*V. P. I. Shipper.*

Customer: Where's the menu?

Waitress: Down the aisle and first door to the right. —*Annapolis Log.*



• **"May I have a peek at your pink section?"**



• **"Don't move, Dad—we just want to wash out our stockings."**

INCONVENIENT

by Alan Dennison

Lady, so beautiful
Isn't it sad,
That you're a tin goddess—
For I can be had.

"Really, Bill, your argument with your wife last night was most amusing."

"Wasn't it, though? And when she threw the axe at me I thought I'd split." —*Reserve Red Cat.*

Editor: What made you so late in quitting tonight?

Secretary: I wasn't doing anything, and I couldn't tell when I was through.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Mrs. Brown: Does your husband work, Mrs. Briggs?

Mrs. Briggs: Oh, yes. He sells toy balloons when there is a parade in town. What does your husband do?

Mrs. Brown: My husband sells smoked glasses when there is an eclipse of the sun. —*Indiana Bored Walk.*

publicity yardage

MANY BIG NAMES IN PRO FOOTBALL WERE UNKNOWNS ON "COW COLLEGE" ELEVENS. IS A FANCY COLLEGE REPUTATION ANY HELP?

BY RED GRANGE
AND GEORGE DUNSCOMB





● The "Galloping Ghost," Illinois '25, totes the ball for the Chicago Bears in a professional battle with Brooklyn. Standing upright, just behind the would-be tackler, is Bronko Nagurski, former Minnesota fullback, also with the Bears.





You seldom hear of them in their college days—the Battles, Clarks, Molesworths and Corbetts from smaller schools who bob up in professional football and outshine highly publicized stars from major universities. *Ouch!*—I stepped on my own toes, getting awkward in my old age.

Fifteen years of football have taught me that ability on the gridiron is not a matter of geography; that a boy who may be hurried on a "cow college" eleven is likely to be as good or better than some other kid who rolls up publicity yardage with one of the big football schools.

As a matter of fact, a fancy college reputation is a hindrance rather than a help in professional football. It may not the player extra dollars during his first season or two, but he pays for it in many ways. On that, I can speak with authority. When I was labeled "The Galloping Ghost" a long time ago, the tag helped me financially but *how!*—the bumps I've taken out on the field as a result of it! Nothing personal—just a very human desire on the part of other players to bring down this fellow Grange with extraordinary vigor and enthusiasm. I can't blame them, and so long as they keep within the rules it's all right with me, simply part of the game. The same thing happens to nearly all newcomers who have rolled up publicity yardage in the newspapers during their college careers.

The list of outstanding stars in the league is *not*, of course, made up entirely of football players who were under-rated in their college days. That statement would be out of bounds. Benny Friedman, Ken Strong, Russ Saunders, Jim Musick, Bill Hewitt, Johnny Kizmiller, Ernie Nevers, Tim Moynihan, Bronko Nagurski, Ookie Miller and a host of other advertised college stars proved that they could do their stuff on pro gridirons against the stiffest of competition.

But a lot of other fellows who came into the league without great fanfare have also made good with a vengeance. There's "Gip" Battles, for one. Did you hear much about him when he played with West Virginia Wesleyan? Probably not—but he is at present one of the three best backs in professional football. Dutch Clark, of Denver University, was another. He is one of the most respected backs in the league. I nearly said "most feared", but the pros waste very little time fearing anyone. You'll have to look a long time to find a better back than Gutowsky, formerly of Oklahoma, rightly nicknamed "Ace". If you ask me, he's a whole deck. Next to Bronko Nagurski (who is a horse disguised as a man), Gutowsky was the hardest driving back in the league.

Battles, Clark and Gutowsky are only three of a dozen or more backs who received little national publicity during their college careers but who were good enough to make any team in the country and proved it in professional football. I refer to such men as Gene Alford of Texas Tech; Edgar Westfall of Ohio Wesleyan; Henry Hughes of Oregon State; George Corbett of Millikin; Sedbrook of Phillips; Barnett of Emporia Teachers, a school which also turned out a great pro end, Glenn Campbell; Jack Grossman, who *didn't* die for dear old Rutgers; John Cavosie of Butler; Irwin Hill of Trinity, Texas; Lee Woodruff of the University of Mississippi; Paul Franklin of Franklin College; Roy Novotny of Ashland; Fitzgibbon of Creighton; Clark Hinkle of Bucknell; Roger Grove of Michigan State; Les Malloy of Loyola, Chicago; Bill Senn of old Siwash; Wuert Englemann of South Dakota; Homer Ledbetter of Arkansas; Stuart Clancy of Holy Cross; Dick Nesbitt of Drake and Joe Lintzenich of St. Louis University.

The last two, Nesbitt and Lintzenich, go down on my list as two of the greatest kickers in football history. A few years ago Nesbitt turned in a superhuman game against Notre Dame. He was so hot that Rockne afterward rated him as one of the all-time "greats" of football. Joe Lintzenich belongs in the same category.

Joe was coached by Heartley Anderson, when the latter was at St. Louis University. Incidentally "Hunk", as he was known to us in the days before he attained the dignity of head coach at Notre Dame, played football with the Chicago Bears. Ask any pro lineman of the early and middle twenties what guard he'd rather have on his side and he'll answer "Hunk Anderson." Anderson was small, as guards go, but he was 168 pounds of dynamite; he seemed to explode on every play. He cut 225-pound opponents down to his size with his mind and his body and his skill. He can still handle any of the big linemen at Notre Dame. Which is only one of the reasons why he is a great coach.

As tough a guard as Hunk, but no tougher, was Grover Emerson, who played with Portsmouth. I'd never heard of him during his college career at Texas University but he introduced himself emphatically to us one autumn afternoon. He spent almost sixty minutes hobnobbing with our hack field; we did practically all of our open field running before we reached the line of scrimmage, thanks to him.

Many of the outstanding linemen in the league did not come from the big, so-called "football schools". For instance Joe Kopcha, of Tennessee, is rated by the Green Bay Packers as the toughest lineman they have recently encountered. And the greatest tackle, in his prime, who ever smacked me down—Cal Hubbard of Green Bay—hails from Geneva, which is a college in Pennsylvania—not a city in Switzerland, as you may have been led to believe.

Ranking alongside of Hubbard as one of the great linemen of all-time is Walter Kiesling of St. Thomas. But he was no better, at that, than the Owen brothers, of the New York Giants, who attended classes at Phillips University and, I trust, paid strict attention. Other big linemen from medium-sized or smaller schools who have proved that they can take it and hand it out in professional football, are Ted Bucklin of Idaho; Caywood of St. John's; Phil Handler of Texas Christian; Douds of Washington and Jefferson; Denver Gibson of Grove City and Rudy Comstock of Georgetown.

Another man-mountain who has been pushing pro linemen around and messing up enemy offenses for twelve years is Jagger Earpe, who owns a diploma from Monmouth College.

Portsmouth turned out another outstanding star—Keith Molesworth, quarterback with our Chicago Bears. In 1932 he became a sensation overnight with his spectacular returns of punts. Keith is small, weighing less than 160 pounds, but he can hit full speed in three strides and has terrific leg drive. Even when he's tackled by big husks he often carries them along for an extra yard or two. He doesn't "die" when he's hit. He fights for the extra feet and often twists away. Sometimes the big pros have to grab him in a Bear hug and lift him off the ground, squirming like an unruly child.

Now and then such physical phenoms hob up in athletics—players whose smaller muscles seem [*Continued on page 47*]

WRITING AS A BUSINESS



This anonymous writer, who makes from $7,500 to $15,000 yearly, tells the budding author how to sell what he writes . . . which is more difficult than to write it.



● Want to write? Come on in, the water's fine! But . . . *look before you leap.* Be absolutely sure you want to write, and nothing else. Be prepared for discouragement and disappointment. Be ready for that big lower drawer full of rejection slips which every writer possesses; yes, every one of us. Be willing to put up with particular hell in forty-nine different forms before you reach the point where your income approaches that of your fraternity brother who went into insurance. Think it over, long and soberly. The only person to go into writing is the one who wouldn't be happy doing anything else. Be sure that's you.

You still want to write? Very good, then, maybe I can help. Possibly I can assist you toward the goal which presumably is the aim of every self-respecting craftsman in every walk of life: the making of a living. Perhaps I can save you some of my own mistakes, show you how to get started, how to bust into the "writing game". Odious term, that, but painfully descriptive.

Right here let me say that this is not going to be a course of English. I'm not going to talk about writing or tell you how to write, chiefly because I don't know how, but also because if you had one year of composition in college plus the average high school education, you have the background to write for almost any magazine in the country. No, this is not an essay on writing; it's a practical account of how to succeed in selling the newspapers and magazines of these more or less United States.

You have no particular genius? All right, don't let it worry you—neither had I. You have no special talent, no gifts? No more had I. And in my opinion they are neither essential or desirable. In the writing business as is in every line of work, it isn't the boy who hits an occasional home run who gets there, but the lad with a steady batting average who somehow always manages to reach first base. You haven't any prospect of a rich wife, no father with a robust bankroll behind you? Neither had I. In fact I started from behind scratch; with no money, poor health, and a wife to support. Not so good.

Do you dislike wisecracks as much as I do? Probably, but here is one to paste in your beret. Was it Confucius or General Grant or George M. Cohan who said, "What man has done, man can do"? Never forget that remark. It will help you through many a troubled hour in the writing game or in any other game as the years roll along.

Now you don't happen to know my name so I can talk fully and frankly about myself and show exactly what one gent has done since the War. I propose to set down not hot air or applesauce but concrete facts and figures equally concrete. In July, 1919, I returned wounded from France, able to walk slowly across the front lawn and not much further. A pension of $17.50 per month was all mine, nothing else; so the lady I had married eighteen months previously suggested that I write. Not that I had ever done such a thing, but my letters home were just dandy. Don't laugh, those were her words. The joke turned out to be on me. She pestered until to please her I sent off a short thing to *Life*. Ten days later a check came for $5.48. I still have that check.

From then on I was sunk. Right here let me say that the writing game is like gambling at Monte Carlo, and I've played both the typewriter and the tables. Once you win at either, you are lost. You want to go on. So I started to write. Back came the stuff, sometimes two or three enclosures in each mail. Then one morning amid the usual pile there was a smaller, thinner envelope from a big city newspaper. In it was a check for two bucks.



Lots of checks have come to me through the mail since that day but none have made me so happy or been so important as that one. Because after several months' effort I was discouraged and ready to quit. I didn't realize that it takes years and not months to get anywhere in the writing game—as in any other game. Don't be the kind of an imbecile I was.

So I continued. That first year I took in $348, just enough for us to live on in that little country town. This was in 1920. Last year, 1932, was the worst I have had since 1927, naturally enough. Yet I made $7,400 and sold almost every good magazine in the country doing so. In between that period I averaged $7,500 yearly, and at least two years made over $15,000. Can you do the same? Of course, why not?



The purpose of these vulgar figures is to show you I

have some faint idea of what I'm talking about, to prove that what follows was learned in the University of Hard Knocks and not through a correspondence course I've written for the boys' magazines and the good magazines, the women's magazines and the pulp magazines, for trade publications and newspapers from the *Boston Transcript* to the *Manitoba Press*, from the *Milwaukee Sentinel* to the *Vancouver Province*, for house organs, so-called sophisticated rags, farm journals, anthologies—anything and everything that didn't pay in trading stamps.

Let's see, that makes me pretty good, doesn't it?

No, it doesn't. It makes me pretty bad. A sort of jack-of-all-trades kind of gent. If I were any good today I'd be known as the celebrated novelist or the well known essayist or the famous this or that. But those very facts, the fact that I'm not celebrated, that I'm not sought after by editors, that I still have a terrible time selling my stuff, ought to be a great encouragement to you. For even in these hard times I do earn a living. Gosh, isn't that something to write home about in the year of our Lord 1933?

Well, let's get down to brass tacks. You want to write and have had no experience. What's the first thing to do? What any business man would do: study your market. Buy all the magazines on the newsstands, every one, take them home, read them, re-read them, study them, analyze them, pick out stories and articles you liked and ask yourself why. Choose the magazine or magazines you think your stuff is best adapted to. What do you do best—fiction, articles, humorous fillers, children stories, detective yarns, or what? You're telling me. Go to it, big boy. Or little girl. Where does your ability lie? Make your mind up what you are going to write and then . . . then . . . why, then go out and *sell*.

Sell? Before I've written? Certainly. Before you've written a word. A free lance writer must be and by that I mean *must be*, a salesman first of all. You are not a salesman by nature? You didn't bargain for selling; you have the sweet, sensitive nature of a writer. Yes, I had all that too. Get over it. If you don't like to sell be sure no one else does either. I didn't. But I learned. How? By the simple expedient of going out and being kicked impolitely downstairs in every magazine office in the United States. Get out and sell.

Before you've written. Yes, sir. Get out and get busy. Talk to editors. Discuss their magazine with them. Tell them what you think of it; what you liked and what you didn't, but especially what you d'd. because editors are human like the rest of us—a good deal more human than some writing gents I've known. Of course by now you have read the magazine carefully from cover to cover, advertisements and everything. Then tell the editor what you had in mind An article, a short story—whatever it is, discuss it first. You'll save yourself lots of time—and editors too, in the long run.

How does one sell? Darned if I know. Just get out and walk. Wear out shoe leather. Ring doorbells. Pretend you are selling trunks. Is it fun? Heavens, no, it's torture, but it's necessary. Write the editor and make an appointment. Say you have come three hundred miles just to see him. He won't believe you but he will like it just the same. If he doesn't see you, be will turn you over to his handsome assistant and that means the battle is half won for you. Don't see one magazine. See half a dozen. Or half a dozen newspapers. They all want new writers, they all want new ideas. A friend of mine the other day sold the hardest-boiled paper in New York with a fashion idea for odd-sized women. I wouldn't have believed it. He just went out and sold. If you live near a big city like New York or Chicago especially, you are all fixed to sell. If you live far away, come to the city once or twice a year. Every cent I've expended in contact of this kind has repaid me a dozen times over. So it will you. I figure my sales efforts cost me between six and seven hundred dollars a year. Lots of money? Sure. But if I take in ten thousand, the money is well spent.

Just to make it hard we will suppose you live on the West Coast, have no cash and no chance to get East. Well then, sell by mail. It isn't as good as personal selling but it is better than nothing. Write a letter to the editor telling him briefly—very briefly—who you are and your idea or ideas. He will answer your letter; don't worry. Your contact is made. Many a famous writer began this way and didn't actually see an editor for years and years after his stuff had been accepted.

I stress this point of the writing game because it is what most authors neglect. They don't like being kicked downstairs—who does? But if you're not prepared to receive plenty of hard knocks, forget the idea of writing. It isn't for you. The days when editors would telegraph writers in Westport, Connecticut, or Yuma, Arizona, and ask for a story of three thousand words for five thousand dollars, by return mail, are gone—if indeed they ever existed.

Sell, sell, and keep on selling. Or keep on trying to sell, anyhow. Let me give you an example of the necessity of plugging. Last winter I tried an idea for an article on a big national magazine in New York. After some deliberation they refused it, so I tried it on their rival who ate it up. I then spent the best part of two weeks getting the idea into shape and presented it to Magazine No. 2, who turned it flatly down Tried it on a couple of other publications. No go. All that work and effort wasted. Well, that's part of the writing game.

One night a week later I was coming bome tired and discouraged on the train when the editor of Magazine No. 1 happened to pass down the aisle. An idea came to me suddenly and I grabbed at his coat-tails. "Whazzay I try that piece in fictional form?" He nodded. "Sounds good. Come in and see me." I did and the thing went over.

Incidentally, just to give you an idea of what a writer is up against, my records—of course you will keep careful records of all your manuscripts, when they went out and when [*Continued on page 55*]

BRASS TACKS

(1) Don't tell the editor your story ought to be accepted because it "really happened."

(2) Don't think you are a born writer because everyone said your letters from Europe last summer were so interesting.

(3) Don't imagine that because one—or a dozen—magazines turn your piece down it's unsellable.

(4) Don't tell the editor he ought to buy your piece because you are hard up. So is he.

(5) Don't forget that selling is far more important—and far harder—than writing.

(6) Don't send anything to any magazine before you've carefully consulted its needs by looking over its six previous issues.

(7) Don't ask the editor to tell you why he turned your story down. He isn't paid to do that.

(8) Don't imagine that a name is necessary to sell the magazines. Only one thing is essential: a rattling good yarn.

(9) Don't forget—the editor is the writer's best friend.

(10) Don't bother with an agent. That is, until you have received five hundred dollars for a story.

CAMPUS WIDOWS

by james aswell

Illustrated by Joe Lopker



THE WINK

● My first year "The Wink" was the nuts around here. Her soul was wrapped in cellophane. She was fifteen; an apprentice nymph, compact of all the roundnesses Adam had in mind when he went looking for a lady in the garden. Her old man, backgrounding and deliriously spoiling her, was worth fifteen million dollars. Nobody knew why he took the risk of settling in a college town.

She went to all the fall dances that first year, with a tall, ruddy-faced, impeccable nonentity from Cincinnati. An impalpable spotlight fretmed her in a hundred absurd, romantic delusions. The orchestra talked about her; and the other girls didn't mind for a change. Instinctively they knew that fox fire never burnt the very old or the very young.

At three o'clock she kissed a short, dark pledge of the Phi Sigma Kappas in such a way that his wife's kisses were to seem faintly flat forever and his legs were to burn on wide loosey nights forever.

She went away with her family last year, abruptly, dramatically, fittingly, on the stroke of nineteen. Some had predicted wildly that she drew her youth from a French clock of years and would have twenty-four sapling figures on the dial; but no woman has that many, Elizabeth Arden to the contrary, and The Wink did leave just in time.

She's back now. Even the frame of immaculate wealth is melted. She brought her husband back to paint the Owl Café across from the campus; he is of Italian blood and looked disarmingly like a gigolo at a dance on Long Island because of his sleek hair. He will have a pot-belly at thirty-four. He is rendered perpetually sad because of the realization that The Wink is not an heiress after all.

Her friends are kind enough not to refer to her as The Wink any more. And the new boys don't remember. She is a little thick around the hips; she can drink a pint of corn liquor and only seem a little heavy on her feet and quite sentimental. But four seniors avoided marriage this spring because they have snapshots of her in their memories and look at them in the glass of jewelers' windows.

ROSE

● I hesitate to recount Rose's story, it is so lurid, in the pages of this family journal.

Rose's family stock contained an odd strain. Her father, a foreman in the gas works who collected postage stamps, surprised her mother with a lover and promptly hacked off the lover's head with a butcher knife. He presented it, with a bow, to the policeman standing under the corner arc light. Even the unwritten law couldn't save her father's neck, that being Virginia in the days before psychiatry was understood there.

Rose grew to be seventeen in this college town, really startlingly beautiful, with large, liquid, vacant eyes and a face like a dissolute doll's.

Her absorbing passion was perfume; many different boys with fraternity pins on their vests bought her bottles of it in Vecy's Drug Store, and when the party was over she would triumphantly add the new bottle to her collection in the drab room over the delicatessen across the railroad tracks.

Rose never had a mind; but, then, neither did the majority of her escorts to speak of—and she had a quality of rapt, apositive innocence which induced even intelligent boys to escort her along the darker streets, heaving her constant enveloping aura of scent, after nightfall.

I speak of her, you notice, in the past tense.

She's still around, though. Last year she married the full professor of astronomy—the one who was divorced by his wife on a charge of intellectual neglect. Neglect by reason of excessive intellectuality would be, perhaps, a better way of putting it. He isn't a professor of astronomy any more.

They live in the same yellow weathered cottage out the Oldville Road, and it is extremely annoying to the entire contingent of faculty wives that the professor has been, clearly, very happy ever since.

Rose's phone number is now University 261. If a man's voice answers tell him you'd like to talk over this quarter's final exams in heavenly lore. He'll very likely invite you out.



Can girls take it?

This writer says women are poor losers. If this is true, is there any sense in teaching them competitive sports? If it is not true, can proof be found in feminine sport annals?

by

helen nolan



Helen Wills Moody — she "couldn't control."



Suzanne Lenglen — she forgot how to lose. . .

● From one end of this bright land to the other, from the big universities down to the tiniest women's college, conscientious educators spend hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly on the physical development of their darling daughters.

Sargent School for Physical Education, for instance, now a part of Boston University but once the most famous school of its kind, deals in nothing but the development of young ladies' muscles and ability to play games—the idea being that these same young ladies will spread later through the highways and byways teaching the gospel of fine minds in even finer bodies. And everywhere else you'll find the girls have their gymnasiums, their field classes, their regular instruction in the daintier sports. Skill is imparted to them, and they in turn are expected to teach others. They develop endurance and a kind of wholesome vigor that comes of an active, capable body. Apparently it's all worth while.

But I'd like to ask this question—and don't bother answering until I've filled this space giving my own opinions. If colleges and universities can't teach young women how to *lose*, what's the sense of teaching them anything about competitive sports?

The excuse for all this is the highly feminine display put on by Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs, a couple of girls from the University of California, in the final of the Women's National Singles Championship at Forest Hills in August. Queen Helen's default in the deciding set, when she was trailing 6-3 in games after losing the first set 6-8 and winning the second 6-3, has provided the year's sensation in the tennis world.

A couple of million words have been written since on the subject of whether Queen Helen Moody should or shouldn't have laid down her racket at the point when she felt she had gone as far as she was physically capable. Some have held that she did exactly right. Others insist that regardless of the fact that her back was aching from the lingering effects of a swimming mishap at Monterey months before, and that her right leg was numb from the pressure of a brace she had to wear, Queen Helen should have stayed in there, merely waving at the ball if necessary, so as not to deprive Miss Jacobs of a completely proven victory.

All that is beside the point at the moment and probably has been argued enough as it is. To start another controversy, what I want to ask is: Do women ever really learn how to lose gracefully? Is there *something* in the feminine make-up that simply is not geared for philosophical defeat? In other words, *can they take it?*

Part of the job of being married to a sports writer consists of barging down to Princeton or New Haven or Brown, up to Cornell or off to Syracuse of a fall week-end, when I'd much rather fool around the home premises getting little things done such as washing the hair or sewing on collars and cuffs. And after one of these trips, the clearest memory you bring back is the picture of a Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Brown, Columbia, Syracuse or some other team taking a licking. Taking it standing up, or down on its knees finally, if it got that bad in the last quarter; but taking it without a squawk, with enough left at the end to grin and offer a hand in what looks like genuine congratulation.

Another duty of the little woman is to sit around with a fixed smile, or at any rate an attitude indicating enjoyment, when a few stray traveling companions of the bisulated drop in for a seidel of beer, or light in the same speakeasy for a nightcap, after a big fight at the Garden. The tales of high endeavor



that start with the second snifter may not thrill you at the time, particularly if they're the same stories you've heard at other times, in other places, perhaps told better. But finally you get a vivid picture of men in sport, both professional and amateur, whether or not you follow them closely enough to know if the Braves actually did catch the Giants, or whether Washington won the World Series.

For instance, there's the yarn about old Sam Langford, the Negro heavyweight, gone blind, but with no one except his handler realizing it. Broke, desperate, he got a last fight, ten rounds with the biggest, roughest fellow around—Harry Wills, the giant they called the Black Panther. Sam fumbled his way into the ring, pretending he could see through his sightless eyes. Before the first bell he whispered to his second, "Just lift me up and *point* me at him."

After each round the second leaped into the ring and steered him back to the corner before anyone could realize Sam couldn't have found his way alone. He was still in there at the final bell, though terribly battered.

For clear, cold courage here the sport brotherhood tell about Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia when he lost his title to Gene Tunney. They were all at one training camp or another, knew the condition of both fighters; but strangely enough, the closer they are to boxers the harder they are to convince. Afterwards they all knew they should have picked Tunney, and they knew exactly why. *But they all picked Dempsey.*

When it was all over, and the fighters stood in their corners waiting in the rain for the decision everyone knew was Tunney's, along with the championship, Dempsey turned to Jerry Luvadis, the funny little trainer who worshiped him. Dempsey's face was cruelly hurt, so badly smashed they had wrapped a towel around his head. He couldn't see by that time, anyway.

"When they announce it," Dempsey mumbled to Jerry, "lead me out to him. I want to shake his hand."

There are hundreds more like this. Men who could take it. And watching Helen Moody play Helen Jacobs in that final—well, things like that make you wonder why it is, whether or not default is justifiable, that women take the easy way out.

Understand, please, they're not in a prize ring where courage and skill and ability to take punishment call for something beyond the physical proportions of a woman. They are playing a woman's game, one woman against another. The pace is a woman's pace, and the drive and power needed are commensurate with woman's ability to develop drive and power. It's at the end, where the winning and losing is done, that the fault appears.

Our two Helens did not start this, as far as tennis goes. The finish of their match merely brought out a classic example of the instinctive reaction of a woman champion when she faces certain defeat for the first time after years of steady winning.

Back in 1921 Suzanne Lenglen, the first international tennis queen, came over from France to play in those same national championships in Forest Hills. She was the mighty, the superb unconquerable picture of grace and tennis attainment. It was inconceivable that she could be beaten. Her visit was chiefly a royal gesture to show America how it was done.

In the second round of the tournament she bumped up against Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, a hard-bitten, hard-fighting American matron who played tennis with the ferocity of a man and refused to believe there was a woman in the world capable of beating her.

[*Continued on page 47*]

"Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home in this drunken condition?" asked the outraged wife.

"Yes, m'dear," answered the erring huhhy, "but she was out of town!"

"How's your television set?"

"Swell, I can see static now as well as hear it." —*Annapolis Log.*

First English Planter: Jolly little satisfaction you get out of these natives, eh what?

Second Planter: Quite jolly. —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"I suppose all this talk about a college man's life heing all wine, women and song is exaggerated."

"It certainly is; you very seldom hear singing in the dormitories."

Doctor: To he quite candid with you, your trouble is laziness.

Patient: Yes, Doctor, I know, hut what is a scientific name for it? I've got to report to the wife. —*Annapolis Log.*

When they start serving heer in the mess hall we will feel that all campaign promises have heen thoroughly fulfilled. —*West Point Pointer.*

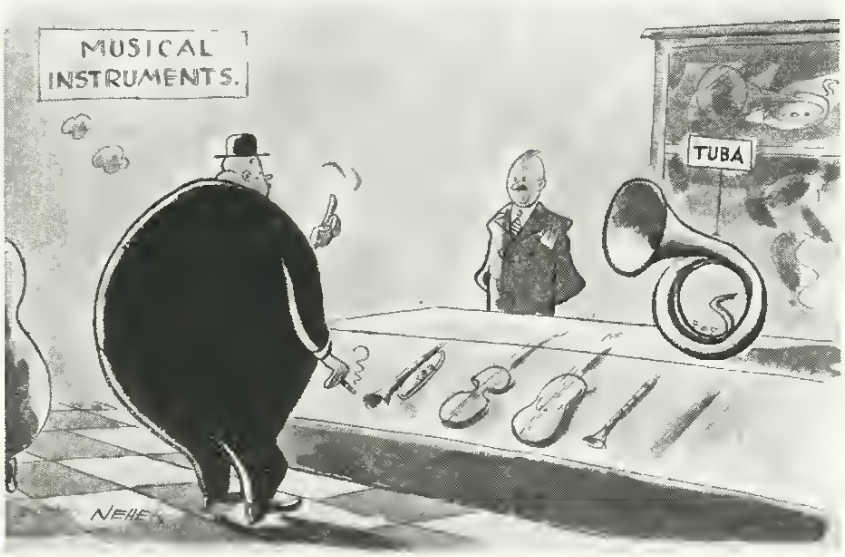
She: The boss is having me do a little filing every day now.

He: Why is that?

She: Because I scratched him the last time he tried to kiss me.



• **"Pardon, may we play through?"**



• **"I want to get measured for a tuba."**

She: Mr. Gotrox, I hear that since you made your fortune in the contracting husiness you've become a woman hater.

He: Yes, I've spent the first half of my life digging ditches and the second half ditching diggers.

She: I've heen asked to get married lots of times.

He: Who asked you?

She: Mother and Father. —*Annapolis Log.*

She (at concert): What's that hook the conductor keeps looking at?

He: That's the score of the overture.

She: Oh, really, who's winning? —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"And now," says Cy Cynic, "what our five-cent cigars need is a good country."



"Boy, are my dogs tired!"

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

Young woman desires work in fraternity house. Experienced.—Penn State Collegian.

After all! —*Penn. State Froth.*

He: One night while you were away I heard a hurglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.

Wife: Where was he—on the roof? —*V. P. I. Skipper.*

"Sam only kissed me twice last night."

"Only twice?"

"Yes, I got up to turn off the radio once."

Tired Business Man: My only regret is that I have hut one wife to send to the country. —*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

He: I'm just a tired business man, girlie.

Blonde: Oh, you poor fellow! Let's do some petting.

He: Naw! That's what I'm tired of!

Farmer: What do you do, my good man?

Announcer: I call trains.

Farmer: Well, call me one; I'm in a hurry. —*Penn. State Froth.*

"Have you any children, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, three daughters."

"Do they live at home with you?"

"No, they're not married yet."

—*Annapolis Log.*

"I suppose you and your wife have a joint checking account, Jones."

"No, this is my second wife."

YE GUILTED AGE

By Carroll Moon

Ye guilded knight in his Chevrolet
And ye princess fair in her negligée
Made rendezvous by the castle wall;
Twenty-six stories high, in all.

She in her penthouse, he on the street
In a scene of enchantment—a moment too sweet.
She cast him a rose, as did ladies of yore,
But it fell on a ledge by the twentieth floor.

He threw her a kiss and from windows above
Twenty-nine matrons sighed for his love.
He sang her a love song and made such a din
A riot squad threatened to trundle him in.

So ye gilded knight of ye modern day
Gird up his engine and sputtered away.
And ye pent-villa princess entered ye house
And spended the evening alone—with her spouse.

Betty: Here's a good joke. You'd hetter give me the shears.

Dorothy: Yeah, to trim the whiskers on it.

Rat (knocking at senior's door): You told me to call you in time for your first class, hut I didn't wake up myself. It's ten o'clock now, your class is over, and you can sleep as long as you want. —*V. P. I. Skipper.*



"We're lost—the chain is breaking!"

It's the breaks that count!

Lady Luck has to call the signals if you're to win, says this great Yale quarterback

BY ALBIE BOOTH

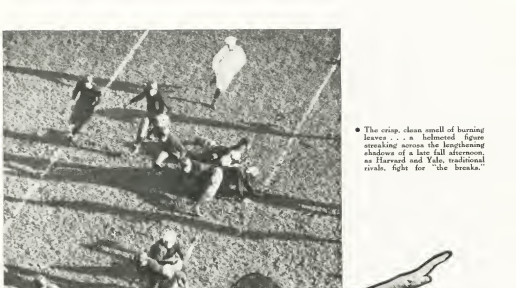
AS TOLD TO KENNETH POLLARD

● Low-mantled, mist-laden, forbidding clouds enveloped the rain-splattered gridiron of Yale Bowl. Sixty thousand spectators sat huddled together, wet and shivery, eyes straining through the gloom, determined to stay till the end. A reprisal was taking place on the gridiron below. Dartmouth was leading Yale 12-10, and seemed certain to overcome the perennial Yale jinx.

The ball was on Yale's 25-yard line, 4th down, 3 yards to go, *2 minutes to play*, in Dartmouth's possession. What play to choose? A substitute quarterback had to make that decision. He had to protect that lead. He decided, went into kick-formation, received the ball from the center and faded back. In that split second, sixty thousand persons registered shocked amazement. Was he going to pass? Yes. As he faded back, he slipped on the wet turf and fell to one knee. The Yale forwards bore down on him. A hush settled over the Bowl. From his kneeling position, the quarterback hurriedly passed towards the distant sideline. The hush became a raucous roar as an obscure, white-helmeted figure sprinted across the greensward, plucking the ball out of the mist, and raced 80 yards to a touchdown, snatching victory from impending defeat. The substitute signal caller was dubbed "the goat". Why? *Because the breaks went against him.*

Let's analyze the substitute's position. The ball was on the Yale 25-yard line, 4th down, 3 yards to go, 2 minutes to play, and the field was wet, but not muddy. He had thirty seconds within which to choose and call his play. He had three alternatives: to punt, run the ball, or pass. First: he could punt, and try to place the ball out of bounds near the opponent's goal-line. He evidently figured that a punt might be blocked, picked up, and carried for a touchdown. So he decided not to risk a punt. Secondly: he could run the ball. The odds were against a running play gaining the distance necessary for a first down. Then there was the danger that a back might fumble the ball, with the same disastrous consequences. So he eliminated a running play.

This left only a pass play, a play against the commandments of football strategy. Still, an element of surprise should work, especially if he passed to a sighted point, rather than directly to a receiver. If the pass didn't work, the ball would most likely be grounded. If the pass were intercepted (and the odds were against it), the chances were that the interceptor would be downed near his own goal, and with but a minute or two of play remaining, his team would be placed in a tough spot. The quarterback made up his mind, and called for the "safety pass", a pass made famous by his predecessor, a brilliant All-American star. The setting was perfect. All players were bunched to the left of the field. His logic was sound, but luck was against him. He had the misfortune to slip as he was about to pass. He passed, at any rate. Here his judgment might be questioned. He could have downed the ball, even though it meant loss of yardage and possession. The chances of Yale scoring from that point were negligible. But he saw an unoccupied, remote spot where he could ground the ball and save loss of yardage. So he passed. All would have been well, if the Yale right halfback wasn't a 10-second man.



● The crisp, clean smell of burning leaves . . . a helmeted figure streaking across the lengthening shadows of a late fall afternoon, as Harvard and Yale, traditional rivals, fight for "the breaks."

● Albie Booth, Yale '30, in the famous backing position which helped to win many games.

Only a sprint star could have possibly reached the ball. Only a sprint star could have out-raced these fleet Dartmouth backs to the goal-line. But a sprint star did both of these things, and the hapless substitute was forced to bear the moniker "the goat". It was a tough break for Dartmouth, but a tougher break for the substitute quarterback.

Too often players, especially quarterbacks, are criticised for their judgment on the football field. Too often this criticism is carried to a point where it affects the career of an individual player in later years, when football is but a memory. Spectators, alumni, undergrads and sports writers are, at times, guilty of this gross criticism. Do these critics know the circumstances connected with the running of a certain play? Do they know the weak or strong points of an offense or defense? Do they know the instructions given to a player as to what he should do if and when a certain thing happens, during the course of a game? Usually they don't. Football players are human; they make mistakes; they aren't infallible. But in most instances they know, better than their critics, the cardinal rules of football strategy. Give them a break!

When traditional rivals meet, no quarter is asked or given. The games are always hard-fought, and usually, the team that gets the breaks gathers the sweet fruits of victory. Harvard and Yale are traditional rivals. This rivalry reaches its apex when they meet on the football battle-field. Victory for either over the other climaxes a successful season, no matter how badly they may have fared in previous games. The so-called "dope" can be thrown in the proverbial ash-heap.

In the Harvard-Yale game of 1929 played at Soldier's Field in Cambridge, Harvard was leading 10-6 at the end of the half, and a break decreed that the final score should remain the same. The Crimson kicked off to the Blue, on resumption of play. The Yale quarterback accepted, fumbled, then picked up the ball. He followed his interference closely, then saw an opportunity to dash into the clear. Leaving his interference, he headed to the left and the side-line. Past midfield he sped, with no one between him and a touchdown. The Yale stands were in a frenzy of joy. The Harvard adherents waited with bated breath, hoping against hope that someone would catch him. On Harvard's 35-yard line, a Crimson linesman came up from behind, and made a final, desperate lunge. He was the only Crimsonite near enough to possibly avert a score. He was Harvard's sole hope. His hand grazed the ball-carrier's neck, but his fingers closed on his jersey at the collar. He held on tenaciously. The jersey stretched, but wouldn't tear. The ball-carrier's leg was encased in a hmce, due to a muscle strain. This affected his running, and prevented him from twisting suddenly and unloosening the tackler's grasp. Consequently, both fell.

The day was saved for Harvard, and lost [*Continued on page 48*]

then darkness again

by Randolph van Liew

Princeton '33

Christmas Day flavored with eggnogs—
and a college dramatic club on tour.

I CHOKED. My forehead was in front of me, clearly separated from me, and there was someone bending on either side of it with large hammers, alternately hitting it, and every time I saw my forehead hit I felt an awful pain; and then something large and warm and soft would slowly come down on top of me, completely envelop me, and I choked again. It would get near, and as it came over me it would dissipate and then start all over again. It came closer and closer—then I woke up.

For a second I didn't know where I was, then the familiar clicking of tracks became clearer. I pushed myself up on my arm and started to remember. Triangle Show, up all night and most of the next day, parties all the time, train trips from city to city, a show every night, train trips—I was on the train now, and that train was moving. That meant we were getting into some city. I lay back again and pressed my head. It felt very big. I didn't think my hand would go around my forehead, but it did. It felt bigger than it was. I guess I was half asleep. I got out of bed and stood up. The shades were down and the compartment was quite dark. My head felt big and hollow, and something inside was rattling around and hurting me and making me feel dizzy. I sat down and looked at the door in front of me. It started to move so I shut my eyes. The heat was getting worse all the time.

I got up and went to the corridor. It was empty and the compartment doors were shut. Everybody was either asleep or in the diner. The corridor was cooler and I walked down toward the rear platform. The door stood open and the fresh air came in caressing and soothing and my head felt better. Oscar, the porter, was on the platform.

"Morning, Oscar."

"Morning, Mr. Blake. Merry Christmas."

Christmas morning! I had forgotten.

"Merry Christmas, Oscar. Where are we?"

"Bout forty miles from New Orleans."

"Why the heat?"

"Forgot to turn it off." He grinned apologetically. "Did you notice it?"

Notice it? Good old Oscar. I said I nearly died and went back to the compartment. Fred was still asleep in the upper bed. I yelled to him and he mumbled something. I washed, put on my bathrobe, and went to the diner.

We had our own diner. It was a private train—a compartment car, a Pullman and a diner. Every Christmas the college show took its tour of a lot of big cities in that train. It was very nice, and on the back platform there was a big, round electric sign with PRINCETON UNIVERSITY TRIANGLE CLUB on it, and when the train would back into a station everybody would read it and wonder what it meant.

The diner was half filled. The boys were all wearing pyjamas or bathrobes. The head waiter greeted me, bowed ceremoniously and pulled a chair out. I sat down with Tom, Johnny and Bill. Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas. Would I put in my order? Bring me a tomato juice. Would I write it down? I wrote it down. Is that all? That is all. But we have a special Christmas Morning Breakfast! I can't eat it. The waiter looked disappointed and went away. I buried my head in my hands.

"Got a head?" asked Tom.

"Guess so."

"I had one yesterday," said Johnny. "God! It was awful."

"I've had one every morning, mildly," said Tom.

"You guys make me sick," put in Bill. He very seldom drank. Just enough to be sociable. But it fed him up to see some of us get under and then brag about it.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"About twelve thirty."

"When do we get in?"

"Dunno."

"What town is this, anyway?" asked Johnny.

"New Orleans, you sap." Tom came from New Orleans and was a little griped.

"Your home town, isn't it?" I asked him.

"Yes."

"Guess the old folks'll give you a big hand," Johnny said. "Local boy makes good! Zowie!"

Tom looked sour. "I haven't had anything to eat yet," he said.

Just then Fred came up. "God! What heat!"

"Oscar forgot to turn it off."

"I pretty near passed out."

"Again?" Johnny asked. Everybody laughed. Johnny was the comedian of the show. Half of the things he said were not funny, but he had a reputation, so all he had to do was to open his mouth and everybody would laugh.

"Wonder what the women are like?" Fred asked.

"Ask Tom."

"They're o. k."

"Get me a good one. How about it?"

"By the way," said Tom, "friend of mine is giving a tea. You're all invited."

"Are they going to serve tea?" asked Johnny.

"No."

"Good, I'll go."

Pretty soon the train pulled in. The platform suddenly filled up with pyjama-clad explorers, committee men, friends, relatives. Meet Mr. Brown. Hey Bill, glad to see ya. Mr. Smith would you arrange to have dinner with. . . . OSCAR! Where is the shirt I wore last night? . . . Hurry up and get dressed. We're waiting for you. . . . How many tickets have they sold? . . . Where's Ed? *Ed!* I thought he was on this trip. *Ed!* There he is, in here. Hey, Ed! wake up. . . . OSCAR!

At last everybody got dressed. I packed my evening clothes in my bag and joined Tom. Johnny and Fred came up with a couple of others.

"Family's here," said Tom. "You'd better go on to George's."

"What's that, a speakeasy?" Johnny asked.

"No. He's the guy giving the tea." [*Continued on page 56*]

PRIZE WINNING
FIRST SHORT

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL



● She eat down and looked at me. "Not that it matters, and I hope you don't burst out laughing," I said, "but what do people call you?"

Tips to young money managers

Love on a crust rarely lasts, says this financial authority, who here marks out the road to wealth and happiness

by B. C. FORBES



● John D. Rockefeller, who has given away a billion dollars, says, "Be sure your pockets are deep so you won't lose the money."

● John D. Rockefeller, one day after we had finished a round of golf, put several silver pieces into the pockets of his very young grandsons, asked them if they were sure the pockets were deep and that they would not lose the money. He made quite a ceremony of the presentation and of his warnings to exercise extreme care. Somehow, the incident made an unpleasant impression on me. The veteran Oil King's whole action and attitude conveyed unmistakably that he attached infinite importance to money and that he was anxious to have these young descendants imbibe a similar conception.

A recent Henry Ford magazine article was captioned, "A Rich Man Should Not Have Any Money." Yet Rockefeller has cheerfully given away a billion; Ford unashamedly proclaims that he does not believe in giving away a dollar.

When the two richest men America has raised are possessed by such gapingly different notions about money and its uses, how can a young man be expected to form wise, rational, influencing conclusions?

My own guiding philosophy concerning money—the making and saving and spending of money, the rôle money should play in life in order to get the most out of both money and life—changed not many years ago.

My convictions have been formed after personally experiencing both poverty and plenty, after spending many years among people of meager means and after rubbing shoulders—and hearts—with many of our foremost millionaires and multi-millionaires. After, too, devoting nearly thirty years to thinking and writing about money, money marts and moneyed men. So, when the editor of this magazine kept asking me to say something about money which might interest young men, I finally capitulated.

Which reminds me—and after finishing this article you will understand why—of the farmer who had difficulty in selling a horse to any neighbor, but who finally dickered to some purpose with a distant prospect. "Before I hand over the money," said the buyer, "I want you to tell me frankly if this horse has any faults."

The farmer tried to parry. Finally, he proposed, "Pay me half of the money and then I'll tell you."

The fifty percent having been handed over, he confessed, "The horse has only two faults. The first is that he is very hard to catch; it sometimes takes ten minutes to round him up in the field."

"That's all right," remarked the buyer; "I've got plenty of time. What's the other fault?"

"Give me the balance and then I'll tell you."

Pocketing the money, and getting ready to move, he replied, "He isn't worth a damn after you do catch him."

Born in the backwoods of the thriftiest of all countries, Scotland, among people who had to toil hard to eke a bare existence from the inhospitable soil, I, like every other boy, had it drummed into me from the time I was weaned, that the earliest decrees of the Almighty were, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labor and bring forth," and "If a man will not labor, neither shall he eat." Life was portrayed as one endless struggle from the cradle to the grave; it was incessantly preached that the inescapable duty—the fate—of humans was to toil unremittingly from morn to night, to live extremely frugally, to indulge in nothing savoring of luxury or extravagance, and to save every getatable penny. Pleasure was pictured as something very questionable—the theater, for example, was the abode of the devil.

That stern, Calvinistic doctrine I accepted unquestionably. Until almost middle age, I stoically followed these Scottish injunctions about toiling and sweating, frugality and saving. (I fell from grace, however, in the matter of pleasure, including the theater.) Finally, I succeeded in accumulating what seemed to me a competency, enough to insure myself and my dependents against want, even should it rain hard. At this stage I began asking myself, "What then?"

A severe illness threw me out of the hurly-burly of the daily procession for four months. This afforded me abundant opportunity for reflection. My long and earnest strivings to find sound bearings, to arrive at a thoroughly sensible philosophy of life, to analyze how a maximum of happiness could be attained without injustice to others, to reach a matured conclusion concerning the whyfor and wherefor of life and living, eventually evolved this line of reasoning:

The acquisition of *enough* money is of infinite importance in a young man's life. Accumulation *beyond* that point should be made secondary, should not be allowed to interfere with the garnering of pleasure or indulgence in anything else calculated to yield a maximum amount of happiness.

A young man without inherited means should rank the building up of reserve funds ahead of fun. An employer can foretell fairly accurately a young man's future by noting the way he spends his leisure during the first years he is in business or otherwise earning his living. A college education is not in itself sufficient to insure the mastery of any line of work without painstaking study of all its angles, all its ramifications. Mediocrities are not money-getters

The famous cook book recipe for making bare soup started off, "First catch your hare." Before a person devotes much time to pondering how to *use* money, he should first concentrate on how to make and save money. Saving implies self-sacrifice. The Almighty seems to have decreed that a price must be paid early in life in order to avoid having to suffer late in life. The time to expend sweat and to exercise self-denial is early in life. Then, comforts can be enjoyed later in life.

So I would urge young men to apply their noses to the grindstone when they enter the work-a-day world to earn a living and carve a career. Except for education, for travel, for culture and perhaps for making desirable "contacts," they should err on the side of frugality rather than prodigality in their expenditures.

Love on a crust rarely lasts. Many a promising young man has fatally handicapped himself by reaching out and taking on domestic responsibilities before attaining adequate earning power. Almost every notably successful career has involved, at some crucial stage, taking a chance, running a risk, facing an adventure. The young man who has kept himself foot-free can embrace an opportunity entailing immediate monetary sacrifice and uncertainty regarding the future. Dozens of our most conspicuously successful men of affairs gave up better-paid jobs for poorer-paid jobs offering greater potentialities. Many thousands, less farsighted, have tied themselves down for life by unduly burdening themselves prematurely.

During the first half of a man's life he does well to put business, to put work, to put duty first. As he approaches assured financial security, he can afford to begin to take a little more on account in the way of recreation and pleasure. Having accumulated a reasonable competency, he is a fool if he does not gradually re-arrange his life with a view to getting out of life all there is in life.

In older lands, the art of living, the art of enjoying leisure, the art of planning semi-retirement or retirement have been better learned than in our own young land. Far too many American men of affairs, men of wealth, remain abject slaves to work until something snaps and they either find themselves hopeless wrecks or become customers for undertakers.

Let a young man get it firmly into his mind that money is a means to glorious ends, but is an inglorious end in itself. Money is like happiness in this respect: if chased for its own sake, it becomes a veritable Will-o'-the-Wisp. The best way to make money, I have learned from my own humble experience and from rather extensive observation, is to think less about wealth than about achievement. When I got my first real chance in this country, I was so immersed in my job, so engrossed in doing the most and the best each day, that I forgot so often to call at the paymaster's office for my weekly salary that he, greatly annoyed at having my pay envelope lying around, demanded that I arrange to have him send it to a bank. Not long since, the head of a nationally known company had to confess on the witness stand that he didn't know what salary he was receiving.

But I gather that what I am expected to discuss is not so much what place a young man should accord money in his scheme of life, not so much suggestions on money-*making*, as how a young man should *use* money as his savings increase from modest to more generous amounts.

Did you hear the modern version of the parable of the talents (the one about the overlord who, before setting out on a far journey, gave to one man five talents, to another two and to another one, and came back to find that the first two had doubled their money, whereas the other had hidden his in the ground?) A well-to-do American father, anxious to encourage his two sons to cultivate his capacity for money-making, gave each a thousand dollars before he embarked on a tour 'round the world, telling them he would be anxious to learn on his return how much they had made.

When the day came for giving an account of their stewardship, the older son very proudly produced two thousand dollars. His proud papa praised him unstintedly and assured him he was bound to make his mark in the world.

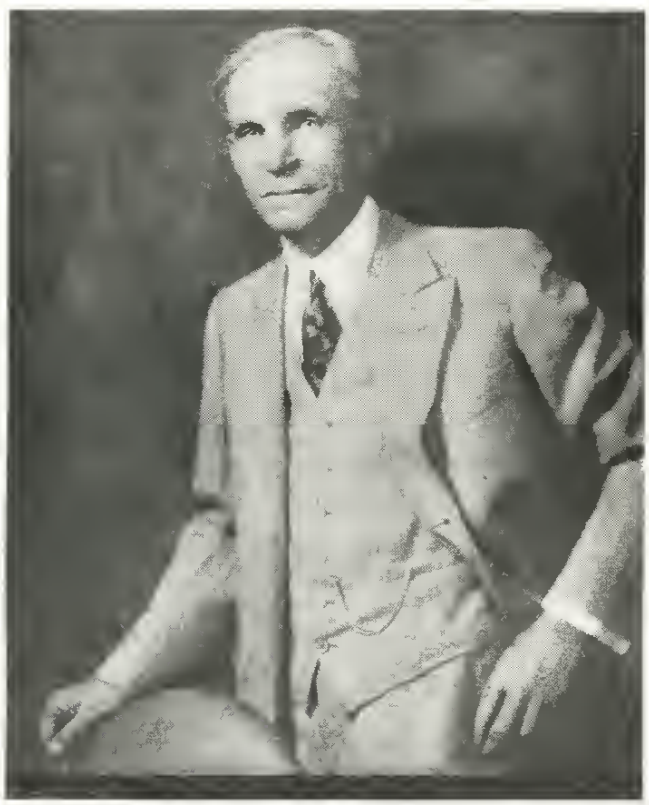
"And now, George, how much have you made?" he asked the younger brother.

"Oh, shucks," came the reply, "we tossed for it and Bill won."

During the last boom too many individuals, young and old, rich and poor, women and men, turned gamblers. Bootblacks and bankers, clerks and clerics, mechanics and managers, elevator men and executives, peddlers and plutocrats, scrubwomen and society women, manual laborers and millionaires frenziedly tossed their all onto the roulette wheel which whirred so furiously in Wall Street. Every Tom, Dick and Harry—and Harriet, Main Street and Mayfair—cocksurely concluded that they had discovered a royal road to wealth, an escalator to the summits of financial success. Completely ignored was Mark Twain's pawky but pithy admonition, "There are two kinds of people who should not speculate; those who can afford to lose and those who can't."

It so happened that I was vigorously but vainly swinging a red light in 1929. When the crash came I was inclined to pin a little rose on myself, and when I [*Continued on page 50*]

● Henry Ford, who believes in giving work instead of dollars, says, "A rich man should not have any money."



YOU REALLY SEE MORE OF THE GAME—

By McCready Huston

"Which are the Notre Dames, George? The ones with the blue? Oh, there's Alice and Fred down there. In that box. Alice is looking around with the green hat and that fur coat she cut down from her mother's. Don't let on you see them. That's what she wants. I'd much rather sit up here; you can see more of the game than down on the ground. That's what you come for.

"You say those are the Notre Dames with the blue? I always supposed they would have green, being Irish and everything. Isn't it funny the way Alice and Fred manage to get themselves invited around? Some people are that way. I'm glad you're not that way, George. I mean getting yourself in with people and getting us invited, like a box party. I think it saps a person's independence.

"I'd think Alice would see it's bad for Fred, to he sapped like that. I'd rather we would always buy our seats, even if they are up here. A person has got to retain their self-respect, with the cuts more than before.

"Those others must be the Army boys if the Notre Dames have the blue. I never knew any Army hoys but when we lived in Baltimore I knew some of the Middies. I mean we used to always call them Middies. They were cute. Look; Alice is talking to that other man in the box now. It's probably his box. That's the way it is when you accept favors; you've got to be nice to them whether you feel like it or not. Up here we can just watch the game and enjoy it. And you see so much more of it. Up here, I mean.

"Who is that man in the white linen knickers, George? I would think he'd he cold. I thought they had referees in prize boxing. Now isn't that interesting? That's what I say; if a person goes around on their own and don't mix up a lot of social obligations they really learn a lot ahout life. It's got so many sides to it.

"Alice never mentioned it to me at bridge club. Going in a box, I mean. You don't suppose she thought I'd be hurt, do you? Some people are so narrow. That's one thing I try to watch out for; being narrow.

"What's wrong now, George? The Notre Dames made a touchdown? Not really? That means they got a score or something, doesn't it?

"That's what I say about sitting up here in the stands like this, George. You can really see the game and concentrate on it. I'm glad nobody asked us to sit in a hox. Of course, I'd do it if you thought you had to accept for business reasons, with the cuts and all. Any time you want me to do anything like that to help you along, you mustn't be afraid to tell me, George. But for my part I'd rather sit up here at the top where you're independent.

"Alice may feel good now but she won't feel so good when she sees Fred being sapped. That's the way things turn out when people get under obligations to people.

"What are the Notre Dames doing now, George?"



• "We'd like the captain to marry us!"

• • •

All work and no play makes jack.

END OF THE LINE

Bounder: So Smith has a noiseless typewriter in his private office now?

Rounder: Yes, but he makes his steno wear a bell on her garters.

First "Y" Boy: How come you didn't help that lady up when she tripped on the curb?

Second Such: Sir, I was taught never to have anything to do with a fallen woman! —*Penn State Froth.*

Rev. Good (at baptism): His name, please?

Mother: Algernon Philip Percival Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): A little more water, please. —*Penn. Punch Bowl.*



Randolph von Liew, Princeton '33, won the first prize in this mogozine's recent search for first short stories from college people, in which over four hundred monuscripts were considered. His story, "Then Dorkness Agoin", oppeors in this issue He is the outhor of the Triangle Club ploy "It's the Volet", in which he olso played, and he hos been ort director of the TIGER, the NASSAU HERALD ond the 1933 BRIC-A-BRAC. He smokes a pipe ond was born in Russio, ond the line, ladies, forms to the right.



These are the boys who bring the crowds to their feet when the Red and Blue warriors of the University of Pennsylvania need a locomotive.





One of the most colorful musical organizations in the collegiate world is Carnegie Tech's famous Kiltie Band, in the Stadium at Pittsburgh.



Coach "Hunk" Anderson holds Notre Dame's mascot, Shaun Rhue, while the "Irish" band entertains between halves with stirring song and intricate farmotion.



All the corn is not on the hip each year at Homecoming at the University of Iowa—some of it is used to erect the traditional Corn Manument.



The Cornhusker Band of 125 pieces, under the guidance of Director "Billy" Quick, is always on hand for rallies and big games at Nebraska.



K. U.'s cheerleader, Edwin Pleutze, Beta, decorated with the Jayhawk emblem, and Jessamine Jackson, A O Pi, president of Kansas women's pep organization, the Jay Janes.



Columbia's yell-masters—Ralph Shetter, Odell Kaminers, Thomas McKay, George Escher and Kenneth Bennet.

Printed in U.S.A.







Washington State is led in cheers by Kenny Sement, and a live Cougar named "Butch" brings luck in gridiron battle.

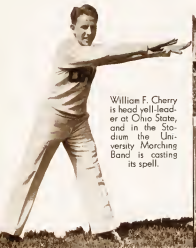


All heads turn as Charles M. Corman, drum major of the Indiana University Band, steps high in tune to one of the snappiest collegiate musical outfits in the country.

"Peps" is what the women's cheering and marching squad at Drake is called. The "Peps" pictured here are Genevieve Munshower, Frances Wyatt, Ruth Hunter, Marilou Castles and Dorothy Posten.



Washington University at St. Louis lifts its collective voice in response to the antics of Art Hauser, Kenneth Barswald and Louis Horton.



William F. Cherry is head yell-leader at Ohio State, and in the Stadium the University Marching Band is casting its spell.





The University of North Carolina's band, in the lovely natural woodland setting of Kenan Memorial Stadium

"Way down yonder in New Orleans the snappy Tulane University Band encourages the Green Wave on to greater triumph.



"Gordan Hyde, Donald Kerr, Abby Ray and Loren Hubbard," reads the caption on this picture of Tulane's yell-masters and mistresses. Perhaps the odd girl is the Forgotten Cheerleader



The Wildcat, U. of Kentucky's official mascot, was caught while comin' 'round the Kentucky mountains, and lends the University's athletic teams the ferocity of its name.

Wittenberg College stages a night rally before a big game. Below, the death house erected in front of the Beta house there, encouraging the team to erase all opponents.









Margaret Walker marches with the drum major at the head of Kentucky's band, as sponsor, with the honorary rank of captain. She is a Tri Delt.

Earl "Pete" Connor is chief cheerleader at Texas A. & M. Their little black mascot, Reveille, leads the band between halves and marches with the boys to the mess hall.

Below, Cornell University's band marches to their own music, a familiar and exhilarating scene to Eastern football fans.





Purdue's Military Band, and a close-up of the famous Purdue Drum, which is eight feet across and is the second largest drum in ony American college

Frank Carideo, Notre Dame's former star, now head coach at Missouri, confers with Eddie Ellis, chief cheerleader and "Chink" Schiele, captain of Missouri's eleven.



Four sets of brothers presented themselves to Fritz Crisler as cogs in his Princetan football machine. Back row, Leslie and Charles Kaufman, Edgar and Sumner Rulen. Front, Thomas and Adam Craig, R. P. and S. W. McClave.

University graduates at fifteen and reporters at seventeen, Helen and Olive Parish are twin candidates for doctors' degrees at U. S. C. At twenty-one, they look as though they were about to "learn to croon" Call for Professor Bing Crosby!







Four of a kind—Mary, Leota, Roberta and Mona Keys, eighteen year old freshman quadruplets at Baylor University, Texas. All four sing and play the saxophone, and rejected stage and radio offers for college careers.

Temple University has seven sets of twins to confuse the absent-minded professors: Nathan and Isadore Briskin, Jack and L. Giffard Taylor, Agnes and Dorothy Bernabel, Charlotte and Frances Harvey, Henry and Reba Murphy, Sylvia and Rose Riedere, and Pauline and Frances Roome.



● Girls who've been holding out on buying a fur coat for "because they can't find anything they like" won't need to go to the Big Game in a cloth coat after they find out the prices of the new Nite Brown Laskinlamb bunnies. This model has Schiaparelli's off-the-shoulder puff sleeve, with slim wrists, and a fan-shaped tie at the neck. It is modeled by Ruth Stovlen of Drew Seminary, and is the perfect budget coat for college girls.

majoring in fashion

● This seems to be the season for gadgets—and what exciting gadgets! You who like your accessories different and intriguing are going to be perennially broke if you allow yourselves the luxury of so much as a peep in the windows.

Fall has an awful hangover from the summer monogramming fad. Those darling enamel compacts in white and bright colors have graduated into the darker shades now. And hankies—handblocked with all-over monograms that give them a striped effect. When we saw these we decided that we could be had! . . . You can see yourself these days in the mirror initials on your handbag or in a mirror ring in the shape of your initial—or anybody's initial. That's your problem.

Speaking of bags, Best & Company has a zipper bag which you pull open with a heavy metal disc engraved with your name, address and any other information you want made public, such as telephone numbers—a boon for ladies who get lost, strayed or stolen.

The things that go into your purse are just as important as the bag itself, if only for your own self-esteem. Doesn't it make you feel very smart if, when you take out your compact, lipstick or what have you, they go with your costume? We suggest that you look at the new Ronson lighters and cases—modernistic and very ultra ultra. There's also what they call a "Lytacase," a tricky combination of lighter and case, as convenient as it is swanky.

Millinery is serving up a new course in *hors d'oeuvres* which consists of all kinds of feathers—little ones and long ones, dignified ones and downright sassy ones. Russeks have hats that are half feathers and half felt—sinister, we calls 'em. And Best has all-over feather hats that look like part of your head when they're on and feel very pert.

While we're on the subject of hats, we'd better mention the insane little Robin Crusoe hats, with three tiers of wool fringe dangling round the crown. If you feel really mad, don't miss the wool caps with a bright-colored yarn cockscomb set into a pleat on the top.

But the biggest thrill of all is the jewelry. The barbaric kind that brings you right back down to nature. Heavy copper bracelets . . . bamboo armlets studded with copper . . . necklaces made of linked wood . . . and Swiss red accessories to go with the new Tyrolean hats.

There's quite a jump from this to velvet costume jewelry, but you'll be fascinated by the velvet bowknot linked with silver and its matching bracelet. Or perhaps you'd rather have a velvet necklace shimmering with gold or silver links? These dramatize your accessories in earnest.

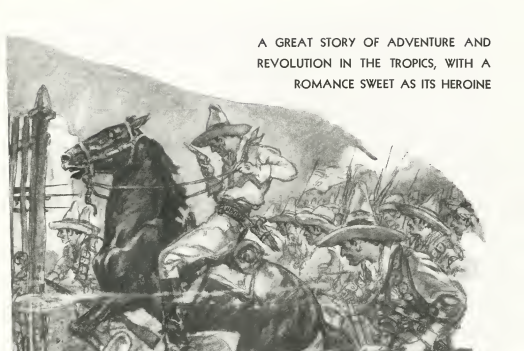
And then there's the kind that makes you feel like a person out of the Arabian Nights. Clips in the shape of conch shells made of rhinestones and moonstones . . . hairpins with little stars on the end . . . lover's knot rings . . . glass bracelets . . . combination bracelets of black and crystal . . . velvet ribbons around the head anchored down with stars. Things are getting into everybody's hair this winter.

We suppose you know that the accent is on the chest instead of the shoulders. If you have the Mae West figure you're a fortunate girl, but fashion is favoring the unfortunates. and if you want to go around looking anaemic it's nobody's fault but your own. All the stores are a paradise for the girl whose figure is a left-over from the early twenties. You can get fur capes like cowls or little fur trimmed velvet capelets with bag and gloves to match. White satin middy collars make you look just too demure. Little net shawl effects edged with spangles look well with tiny spangled pancake bags so that your glitter is just spattered enough to be exciting. [*Continued on page 61*]

born lucky

BY DARRELL WARE

A GREAT STORY OF ADVENTURE AND REVOLUTION IN THE TROPICS, WITH A ROMANCE SWEET AS ITS HEROINE



● Mark seemed to look into the barrels of rifles; all thought was swept away in a great uproar. He wrenched his horse around and plunged through the gate.

RÉSUMÉ of what has gone before: Mark Erskine's ventures in high finance and politics got him expelled from Montmorency College; his only regret in leaving was in saying goodby to Professor Cramer's daughter Helen. He talked himself into a job in San Jacinto, protecting the interests of a fruit merchant named Geiser, thrilled again to the dark eyes of Rosita de la Concha, whose father was a professor at the native university, and to the rumble of imminent revolution. He allied himself with picturesque Fuerzas in Geiser's interests, also with Jed Hearn, a young American. Just as the fuse of revolution was ready for lighting, the Cramers arrived, the Professor to complete his ponderous thesis with the help of his friend Roberto de la Concha. By now Mark had lost interest in Rosita, who was engaged to a young Spaniard; he felt renewed interest in Helen, and nostalgia for the campus. Still, even Helen's influence could not swerve him from his revolution, though it was directly against the interests of his friends. After a skirmish with a Federal contingency, on a commission to purchase ammunitions, during which Mark was obliged to swim ashore from a power boat, Mark quarreled again with Helen. But now Fuerzas' orders were strict: Mark must not see his friends, and remain on the city wall with the Federalists was to start at a given signal. The rainy season was the only thing that could halt the revolution—and storm clouds were gathering. Mark and Jed had a day and a night to rest and prepare for battle; they decided that courage could best be found in bottles.

●

● They began by toasting the University of Arizona and Montmorency. Eventually they toasted the respective presidents, the fraternities, the sororities, the teams and ended up by acknowledging professors, picked at random, as "the greatest in the world". With one final toast to the revolution and another to their survival, this last put down with difficulty, they swayed from the bar and joined the throng in the street.

The will of the day was vague to Mark. He remembered attempting a speech in Spanish before a crowd of soldiers. Spanish words fled him and yet he stubbornly refused the aid of those nearby who knew exactly what he wanted to say. He finally ended a desultory address with the sure-fire "Viva San Jacinto!" in which the crowd joined him enthusiastically.

Joining arms with Jed, the street was negotiated in diagonal swaths.

"We should be in Villalegre," said Mark suddenly. "Let's go! It's only twelve miles."

"Gotcha!" Jed snapped, looking around for unguarded horses.

Mark hesitated. "Just a second, Jed," he said. "There's only one Helen."

Jed was stumped. Suddenly his face brightened. "She doesn't like you any more!"

Mark winced and sank down on a stone, sobering up rapidly. Jed took pity on him.

"She's a sweet girl," he announced. "Anyway, she's wild about you."

Mark leaped up, enthusiastic again. They freed two horses, mounted and, whooping like cowboys, rocked down the street, scattering the military. At the edge of town, natives leaped from hiding places and dragged the animals to a stop. The soldiers shouted in Spanish, Mark and Jed shouted in Spanish, guns were flourished and then, the uproar bothering their aching heads, they turned back and re-entered town.

"Those sentries must be drunk," said Jed.

"My own soldiers," Mark solved. "Men who will go into battle with me tomorrow—" He eyed a vacant store. "The shame of it." He staggered to the door and with Jed's help battered it down. They entered and lay down happily on the dusty floor.

"Best war I ever fought," Mark murmured drowsily and they passed out simultaneously.

Mark was awakened by the rumble of field pieces through the streets of the town. The rattle and clink of arms and equipment, shouts, tramp of feet, gradually penetrated his consciousness.

Despite a dull, throbbing pain in his head, Mark became alert. This was the day! At noon he would be riding at the head of his troops, bound for the conflict! He grinned at the thought—he, Mark Erskine, campaigning in the tropics. Tomorrow at this time he might be shuddering with pain from a ghastly wound or—he non-existent. He wakened Jed with a toe of his boot.

"You look sort of pitiful," he told Jed. "If the national government could have one look at your face they'd capitulate."

"If the national government felt as I do, there would be no national government," Jed retorted. "There would be a kind of dizzy vacuum in the capitol building." He moved to the door. The town was filled with men, carts, mules, horses, supplies, artillery. "Let's have coffee."

The coffee braced them and they went to see Fuerzas. He was snapping orders right and left to couriers, scouts and officers.

"Morning, Captain Mark," he said quickly. Mark was surprised to find himself a captain. Fuerzas produced a gray coat similar to his, with epaulets, and held it out. "Wear this," he ordered. Mark restrained a smile and got into the coat. "Collect your men at the south side of town. With you, under Lieutenant Sarmiento in charge of supplies, go twenty mules. You have no artillery. Repeat your instructions."

"I leave at noon sharp via the trail I used coming here. I will feed the first branch of the stream and stop tonight on this side of the second branch. At three in the morning I will cross the river and get to Villalegre at seven. When firing begins from the west end of town, I will make for the capitol grounds and either join you there or proceed alone to take possession."

"Correct," said Fuerzas. He extended his hand. *"Vaya con Dios, mi capitán."* Mark shook hands seriously, looking into the burning eyes of the general.

"Good luck, sir." He saluted and, with Jed at his heels, walked into the street. José met him at the door.

"I will gather the men," he said in Spanish. He preceded Mark and Jed down the street calling out in his shrill sing-song,

"Soldados del Capitán Erskine al sudo de la cuidad!"

Passing the saloon they had frequented the day hefore, Jed paused. "I hate like hell to think of it, and I wouldn't touch a drop now if I were dying of thirst, hut we're going to need something tonight to ward off ingrown toenails, don't you think?"

They allowed their crier to proceed down the street and purchased several hottles of assorted liquors. Then, jauntily, they strolled to the orchard and watched the army assemhle. Although it was nearly eleven o'clock, the ragged soldiers approached in the half-light of a miserahle day. The clouds which yesterday had sulked against the sheer walls of the mountain had now settled over the town as well.

"They wear their old clothes to hattle," Jed said, from his place on a fallen tree. "A couple of the men always manage to keep some sort of uniform together hut the rest of them have cut hananas in these outfits and will return to cut hananas in them again. Funny thing ahout these Latins. They're horn and hred with revolution as the great aim in life."

"Probahly lucky for us," Mark commented.

"These fellows don't know exactly why they're here," Jed continued. "A great and admired general like Fuerzas has told them in cold print that they have heen ahused. They're perfectly willing to take his word for it without investigation. They're afraid that if they investigated they'd find nothing wrong."

"With all the easy talk of graft I've heard, I guess there would he plenty wrong," Mark said, tossing away a cigarette. José returned to report the arrival of all the contingent. He was followed hy Sarmiento reporting his pack-train in readiness.

Illustrated by R. F. JAMES



● Helen stared into the blinding sunlight, her fists clenched on the sill. Now all the faith she had in Mark was gone.

"Bueno," said Mark shortly. He turned to Jed. "It's coming, hoy!" he grinned. "In a few minutes we'll he under way. Hard to helieve, isn't it?"

Jed nodded. "I've never tried it, hut I'll het I'm a hellion in hattle—" he stopped shortly as his eye focused on the *remuda.* With the trained appraisal of a native son of Arizona he had sighted two good-looking horses. "Are you *capitán* enough to order those animals for us?"

"Damned if I know," said Mark. "We'll see."

He strode over to the native in charge and indicated the two animals which were ohviously those Jed had meant. The native saluted and hrought them from the group.

"Wish I had a coat of gray with hair hrushes," Jed sighed, mounting. "It lacks five minutes of zero hour. Let's line 'em up."

Mark motioned to José, gave him the command. Shortly a little army of twenty-five mounted men surrounded him. With a hrave clank and clatter the army was under way.

From the top of the trail, as Mark halted for the infantry to join them, the dark, rolling clouds hid Las Lomas—even hid the rear of his army. But for Mark the day was hright. Gradually, as the hours passed, some of the hrightness faded. The long waits for the ranks to close up were irritating. Insects hummed in the hrooding jungle. So much time was consumed in crossing the first stream that Mark sent Jed and some of the riders ahead to prepare camp on the hanks of the second.

With Jed gone, Mark had too much time to think. He hegan to consider the stakes in this game he was playing. He shrugged that away—things always hroke right for him, didn't they? He usually played in luck. Then he thought of Helen and of everything she had said. A mild panic assailed him. How was a person to play in luck when the cards were stacked? If the revolution were a success, everything she had predicted would come true. What he was doing would he more or less a slap in the face to her and might very well he the ending of a promising romance. She cared for him and no matter what happened she still would care, hut just the same she had a lot of pride. Still, all he could do was to go through with the thing and make it just as hig a success as he could.

● Dusk closed in rapidly. Mark rode along the difficult trail, his horse crashing in the hrush. A curious hush was in the air and the men instinctively talked in lowered voices. By taking a few chances Mark regained the head of the column, peering anxiously ahead for the fires that would indicate the campsite. Suddenly, out of dead silence, a roaring, hissing wind swept the tree-tops.

A thunderclap like the ringing of a gigantic gong shook the forest. Then deep, impenetrable dark hlotted out the world as if a hood had fallen upon it. The trail was gone, trees were gone; nothing remained hut inky hlackness.

Another seering twist of lightning crossed the sky, followed hy a deafening thrust of thunder that scattered the echoes and sent his horse rearing. Then, through the darkness he caught sight of the red eyes of fire and hreathed in relief. Camp! He pushed on eagerly. Then, as Mark distinguished figures outlined hy the fires, all previous sounds converged in one terrific, depthless smash and the rain arrived, tumbling from the torn clouds.

His horse splashed into camp just as the fires hissed out. A glare of lightning revealed Jed to him. Mark swung from the saddle and they grasped each other in the darkness and tried to shout hut the words were ripped from their lips and lost in a welter of noise. Jed pulled him into a rough shelter through which the water poured.

Fitful streaks of lightning revealed hurrying forms in the open. Then, topping all other shouts, they heard a dull, hollow hooming.

"The river!" Jed shrieked. Tremhling, they sprang from the shelter and groped their way from the hank, hreaking through tangled underhrush and vines which stung their faces. They struggled knee-deep in water until Mark felt the whole world was floating. The thump of great houlders hounding down the river hed in the mad grasp of unleashed water grew louder, even as they stumhled away. Within a few minutes a wall of flood water would race down the valley of the stream, sweeping everything hefore it.

As the woods lit up once more, as if illuminated hy a giant calcium flare, Mark saw a massive [*Continued on page 62*]

grand slam

BY SYDNEY HUNTLEY

● There is very little question that at the present moment bridge systems are in the back seat. Warner vs. Jones, or Root vs. Casey have crowded Lenz vs. Culbertson right out of the picture. But this is only temporary. Bridge has started more battles than Napoleon ever finished, and as most bridge wars are never-ending it won't be long before you will be back at it again.

The truth of systems in bridge is the truth about them in any activity. Beginners need them to shape their game, but experts only learn their rules in order to ignore them. No system is better than the contestant using it, and any system shows up great when the team using it would be equally great no matter what method they used. Take the Four Horsemen—both of bridge and football—they would have become just as famous playing the Vanderbilt Club and Lou Little's game as they were with the One-Over-One and Rockne. It is of course obvious that one system may hold a very slight edge on another, but fundamentally it is the players who make systems, not systems that make players.

Now all this does not mean that systems are useless and that you and the partner should go it each on his or her own. A few rubbers on that basis and the mortality rate in colleges would be high enough to warrant a senatorial investigation. But it does mean that if you and your partner have agreed on the foundation for opening bids and responses, each should adhere to them and allow common sense to govern the bidding from that point on. Some bridge theorists are so technical that they miss the fine points of the game, its ever-varying problems, the fun of solving them, and the element of gamble which must always be present to create interest. Books on bridge should be read and not played.

You cannot all be tournament players, nor can you spend each spare moment perfecting your game. The vast majority of you are in the amateur class, and for such players the answer to good bridge lies in mixing a little system with a bit of experience and a lot of common sense.

LITTLE SLAM

Bridge is a battle of judgment more than system.

CONTRACT COMMENTS

Since last month when we gave you Elinor Murdoch's par time on the Problem Play, this young lady from Alabama has established herself as the premier woman bridge player by finishing second in the Masters Individual Tournament. This is the most grueling grind in bridge, containing as it did seven women and twenty-nine men, considered the best in the world of contract. Co-eds should be proud of this performance.

Harvard University Club, New York, sends big bridge news through its Chairman, Lawrence M. Pitman. Arthur Wilkinson (Harvard) defeated all comers in the recent combined Harvard-Yale duplicate series. It was a thrilling finish, as F. R. Ferguson and Maurice Libby, both also Harvard, were only 1/10 of 1%, (sounds pre-Roosevelt) back of him. Wilkinson must have felt their breath, but like a good runner kept his eyes to the front. Yale's first man, Dr. Elliot, was fourth. What's the matter, Yale?

Mr. Pitman has refereed most of the N. Y. Inter-Club tourneys, and is one more leader who will help sponsor our intercollegiate bridge platform.

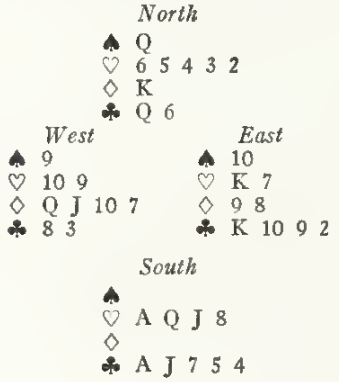
BETTER LEFT UNSAID

Partner (after opening the lead with a card of opponent's suit): For the life of me I can't remember what you bid, partner.

Bridge Simile: As lonesome as a singleton king on the wrong side of a finesse.

PROBLEM PLAY

Here is the solution to the November problem in which spades are trumps and South must take eight of the nine tricks. It was accomplished by means of a strip play and throw in.



South leads the ace of hearts. If East does not play the king, South plays the eight of hearts, throwing East the lead. Whatever East plays will enable North to get in and lead the queen of spades and king of diamonds, upon which South discards the queen and jack of hearts, leaving all the hearts good in North's hand.

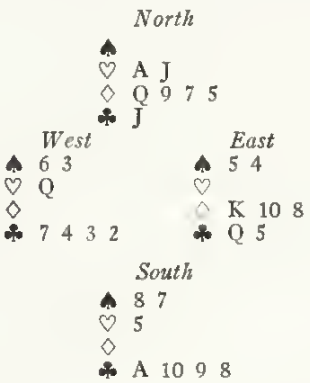
Should East play the king of hearts, South now leads the jack of clubs, North plays the six, and if East drops the king the same situation as in the preceding paragrapb exists. Should East, however, refuse to play the king of clubs, South leads the ace of clubs, which strips West's hand. South then leads the eight of hearts, which West must take and play either a spade or a diamond to North's hand. As in the case above, South discards the queen and jack of hearts on North's queen of spades, and king of diamonds, leaving the remaining hearts good in North's hand.

The following problem begins *College Humor's* monthly series of bridge prize contests. Each month three prizes will be awarded for the best three solutions of the current month's bridge problem. The first monthly prize will be $10.00 (ten dollars). The second monthly prize a year's subscription to this magazine, and the third monthly prize two packs of Bid-Rite DeLuxe playing cards.

Start your answers at once by just cutting out this problem and mailing it to Bridge Department, College Humor, 1501 Broadway, New York City, with your solution. Give each variation of defense and offense in your answer. The solution of the November problem given above is a typical correct one.

The awards will be made based upon correct contract bridge play. Nearly every bridge hand may be played several different ways varying with the defense and the subsequent offense. Some hands will be founded upon your knowledge and use of some particular play, such as a "Grand Coup," "Bath Coup" or simple "Squeeze" in order to make the bid. The solution to each problem must be returned within thirty days. Promptness of reply, neatness and clarity of explanation will count; and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Mr Louis H. Watson, Columbia, former technical editor of the *Bridge World*, winner this past summer of the all-American Team of Four and Pair Championships, considered one of the greatest of the younger players, gives us Problem No. 1 and a par time of four minutes for it.



Spades are trumps. South leads and must take six out of the seven tricks against any defense. Watch out for the T.N.T. in this little problem.

FOR MEN ONLY



● I took myself out of a nice warm studio on this nippy day to see a lot of things a poor, ambitious and almost-young artist could not buy but which all you college men might advantageously add to that smart winter wardrobe. I saw many things in this big wonderful city, and if I can get away from thoughts of raccoon coats and football, I will tell you of a few items that will, I believe, give you that look they all talk about. I don't know exactly what is meant by "that look", but they tell me some have it and some don't. I do know that every man—especially every college man—would like to have it.

Of course the men's hat shops are crowded. All of you who have been holding out hatless ever since last spring are now running for protection from those cold winds that meet you just around every corner. The hat situation being taken care of, let's wander into Knox, on Fifth Avenue at 40th Street. You'll find it difficult to leave without one of their grand topcoats. Knox has a way of tailoring the very popular guards coat that takes away from the usual heavy, cumbersome look. The trick seems to be to make them of cashmere. Blue or blue-gray are the best colors for this type of coat, which should be double-breasted and have a half-belt and a pleat in the back.

Another topcoat I liked was of camel cashmere, double-breasted, with a half-belt and the biggest patch pockets I ever saw. Out of some of their English material they make only one coat of a pattern—if you like being exclusive, here's your chance. Blue and blue-gray are the leading colors for both topcoats and suits, although almost immediately you will be seeing a great deal of cinnamon brown, which will be 'way out in front in the spring.

You can go a little gayer with ties for your morning coats these days. Light grays are now permissible in small chip patterns. Knox has some in hand-loomed silk, made in a very narrow width so that you needn't have that large knot. . . . Altman's have about the largest assortment of imported ties in unusual patterns I have ever seen. Their warp prints and moirés are swell. Knitted ties are getting better and better—they're especially good in black with colored stripes, narrow and far apart, running *across*. . . . Silk shirts are with us again. If you like silk shirts, you can't do better than to choose white jacquard broadcloth.



Have you seen the individual robes, in a Joseph's coat assortment of woolly checks and plaids, to put around the young lady's feet at a football game or while motoring? They are small enough not to get you too hung up, and aren't much trouble to carry around.

A great many of you can't shop in New York, so I'll tell you about a few things that can be bought practically anywhere. Turn your attention to the new Arrow shirts. There are some unusual tweed weaves called "Saratoga" which look excellent with rough tweeds. . . . "Campus-cord" ties are worth looking at. The makers went to university style centers for their ideas, and came away with some good ones. . . . The "Shorty", a Thermo knitted sweater with talon fastener, is short enough to be comfortable under a coat and looks well without one.

If you need new luggage, you should by all means have a

Pocano bag. It is made of "Swavel," doesn't weigh much, and has hangers for two suits. It folds over and can be hung up in a Pullman. . . . I went berserk and bought a flock of Paris garters. They come in new, plenty gay colors—as do those new Stein & Company suspenders which are the uts-nay.

I could go on writing about clothes all through this article and probably should; but on the other hand, I might tell you how interesting it is to design clothes for the theater. Before long I will be doing this in California for pictures. It sounds great, but you know that uncertain feeling you have about starting something new. I could also tell you how interesting it is to go into rehearsals of the *Ziegfeld Follies* and see again Bobby Connolly, Norman Anthony, Arthur Swanstrom and the Howard Brothers, Willie and Eugene, all working together . . . reminding me of that famous revue of last year, *Ballyhoo*. Danny Murray is again stage manager. The only one missing is Lew Gensler, who is in California doing a picture called *Funny Page*. It will be swell to see him again on the Coast. He certainly wrote some good music in my studio.

Or I could tell you about a most entertaining evening as the guest of Leon Belasco at the *St. Moritz*. You know him, and have heard his nerve-resting music via the Woodbury Hour over the radio. He is master of ceremonies up there every evening, and as fresh a one as you'll find anywhere. . . . I sat with a man who knows all and see all of this big town. You'd expect him to be bored and super-sophisticated, but all of these years he has remained so interested in things and people that to see him out of an evening you'd think it was his first trip to New York. On this particular night, he said he bad got a real kick out of being asked to represent his newspaper in a pageant depicting the age in which we live, and told me with great delight that he was to sit for one of our best known sculptors soon. Mr. Louis Sobol is the gentleman's name.

Speaking of names, I was asked to John Medbury's for dinner the other evening. You know him. He writes "Medbury Says" and movie shorts for such famous folk as Burns and Allen. We sat down to dinner with Bugs Baer, Rube Goldberg, Jeff Machamer, Gene Buck, Billie De Beck, Charlie McAdam and our respective beautiful wives. By dividing the group up into different types—artists, writers, the theater, etc., John successfully prevented shop talk. But a little later Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and George Jessel arrived and went into a huddle. They razzed other comics . . . and there is one in New York who comes in for special handling. He seems to grab off anything in the comedy line that pleases him, completely disregarding its origin. This prevents him from having an individual style, because he borrows not only gags but mannerisms. Jessel pulled a lovely crack on our hero the other day. He was playing at the *Palace*, billed in a big way over the marquee. Jessel was walking down Broadway when a friend stopped him and asked if be were working. "No," said Jessel. "What chance have I got? Over at Radio City they are featuring a mouse. At the *Capital* it's *Three Little Pigs* and at the *Palace* they have a louse."

I could go on to tell you to see those beauties in the Joe Cook show—Frances Ford, Helen Folsom, Barbara Caswell, Jane Manners, Polly Rose, and many, many more . . . or to visit the *Surf Club, Maison Royale, El Morroco,* or *Leoñ and Eddie's* . . . or to get in good with your girl friend by giving her a pair of B-Flat garters. They are new and smart—but you have to know the size of her leg above the knee. Lyle Volck and Patti Patterson, two of my favorite models, will take them around the country, and you will be able to buy B-Flats in any college town soon. Just in time so you can do your Christmas shopping early!

Last minute Memos: Earl Benham, one of New York's smartest tailors, whose list of customers looks like the ticket reservations for a first night, tells me he is making most of his suits, in dark, conservative shades, especially in browns and greens. The materials are cheviot and unfinished worsted, and nothing should be too well-fitted. Have a few small wrinkles around your shoulders after the manner of the best English tailoring, and whether your suit is double or single breasted is a matter of your personal choice. However you'll find that the better tailors prefer making tbem double-breasted, if you have the necessary shoulders, waistline, etc. Topcoats aren't made from as heavy materials as formerly, and Earl Benham prefers cashmere in dark blue and dark gray, double-breasted and practically Chesterfieldian. Another material good for top and winter coats is lamb's wool. . . . Shawl collars for dinner jackets are out. Either a regular collar with a peaked lapel or a double-breasted jacket will make the little girl at your winter dances smile prettily when you cut in.





THESE MOVIES

by Larry Reid

EDITOR OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

● This being fall, and this being America, you have to expect a couple of football gagas on your movie hill-of-fare—but I'm happy to report that, except for a few lapses, both available samples of the 1933 crop are somewhat above the par of previous years. And if you *still* aren't sold on the football picture idea, you have a considerable choice of other tempting bits on the current movie menu.

If you haven't seen enough on the screen of exotic women spies, for example, you might take a look at Connie Bennett being one—and being loved as even dangerous ladies seldom are. Or a look at the latest "exposé" of Hollywood, which—to slip into the vernacular—is a wow. Or a look at the best character actor on the screen to-day having a great time as Henry the VIIIth. Or you might watch Charles Farrell going through a much-needed reformation. And there are others worth your time, I can assure you.

● But first let's consider the two football pictures—*Saturday's Millions* and *College Coach*. Both approach the gridiron with apparent intentions of deflating that "over-emphasis on football" that the idealists complain about. One does it from the player's angle; the other does it through a coach.

In *Saturday's Millions*, Robert Young is an All-American star gone cynical about the fact that he has so many friends. On the eve of the year's big game, his feeling reaches its apex—and seeking solace in a speakeasy, he gets into a brawl in which his hand is injured. He plays the next day just the same—but, believe it or not, his team loses. This, I insist, is a movie novelty that deserves a long locomotive yell, followed by hat-tossing. And our hero learns that, even in defeat, his erstwhile friends are still his friends. Except for those few speakeasy moments when the plot goes melodramatic, it is realistic and honest. Lucille Lund, the Northwestern co-ed who won the All-American Girl Contest sponsored by Universal Pictures and this magazine, makes her movie bow in a small part as a society reporter. You'll be seeing more of her.



● Jean Harlow is in very fine fettle in *Bombshell*, a fast-moving piece which is as real as Hollywood itself. Pat O'Brien has his share of the love interest.

● *College Coach* reveals Pat O'Brien as a big-time football mentor who is hired by a financially distressed college to deliver a winning team in quick order, with no tricks barred. With only one brilliant player (Dick Powell) who is an honest-to-God student, he goes and hires a team —and do his ringers mow down the opposition! Then Powell, getting idealistic at the wrong moment, quits; Lyle Talbot is hired to replace him, and the team keeps winning. Talbot takes a liking to the coach's neglected wife (Ann Dvorak), is punched by O'Brien, and quits the team. But on the day of the big game, both Powell and Talbot get into the fray and win for good old alma mater—with the result that O'Brien gets an offer from the rival college. It's fast, cynical, amusing.

● When *The Private Life of Henry the VIII* comes your way, don't you dare miss it. With Charles Laughton in the roistering title role, it furnishes one of the most brilliant character sketches ever revealed. It is England's contribution to high-class movie art.

● In these two yarns, you see the movie-makers getting sophisticated about football. And in *My Lips Betray* you see them getting sophisticated, also, about that good old Cinderella legend. Lilian Harvey, who likewise was a zestful Cinderella in *My Weakness*, is now a cabaret entertainer who is given a ride to her lodging by the king's chauffeur, which starts the story that she is the king's mistress. The tale eventually reaches the ears of His Majesty (John Boles), who composes music, but like all good musical comedy kings, seems fated to wed wealth and homeliness. Curious to see this minx, he looks her up, disguised as a captain, falls in love with her, sings love songs to her and, in general, tries to make the story come true. But she's elusive, and it takes a good bit of love-making and singing, and some brightly risqué moments, to bring on that happy ending. It has vim and vigor, even if it is frothy. And this little Harvey, for all her artificial flippancies, is soothing to the eye.

● A Cinderella of a different order is Jean Harlow in *Bombshell*—which is likely to be just that (a bombshell) to Hollywood. For if I am not mistaken, this story of a little package of sex appeal who becomes a movie star is a combination of the real-life stories of two (or three) stars now on the screen. A very human, very ordinary nobody to start with, she is built up as an exotic siren, with Lee Tracy, a demon publicity man, as the builder-upper. When they have battles about some of his stunts, he insists that his stunts, not any talent on her part, have made her what she is. And what is she? A victim of headline-hunters and cranks, living a tempestuous life. She has an affair with her director (Pat O'Brien) and then takes up with a nobleman discarded by two other stars (Ivan Lebedeff), only to have one of Lee's stunts alienate her from both of them at once, with both of them making trouble. Then she does her best to go sweet for some good publicity, only to have another tough break spoil it all. It moves fast, it bristles with stinging humor. It's as fantastic and real as Hollywood itself. And with Jean and Lee in fine fettle, it's worth anybody's money.

● In another robust comedy, *Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men*, you see Charles Farrell going through that reformation he has long wished for. Convinced that he was getting too many always-a-gentleman rôles, he resigned from the screen a year ago to await a rôle to his liking. And here it is. A gentle scion of a wealthy family, he is informed by his fiancée that unless he develops some he-man tendencies, the wedding will never be. So he goes into the slums, where he meets up with Wynne Gibson. A lady who loves a good fight, she has fallen for William Gargan, who is so handy with his fists that the cops nab him and incarcerate him. Lonely, she takes to the mild stranger and makes him so tough, so much like Gargan that he tackles Gargan after his release from prison. And then Wynne turns to the job of making Gargan a gentleman, more like Farrell. It's good, rough fun—and a novelty. You'll enjoy Farrell, not to mention Gargan and Wynne Gibson.

● But the picture you want to watch for is *The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth*, starring Charles Laughton, of *Nero* fame. Here is the best talkie that England has yet made, and one of the most brilliant character sketches that the screen has ever painted. If you know your English history, you know that this Henry was something of a Bluebeard, being six times married. In detail you learn how this bloated Don Juan acquired each of his wives, and how five of them were disposed of. Laughton, a genius at expressing changeability, surpasses himself in portraying Henry as amorous and brutal, bestial and amusing, a demi-god and a devil. When he gets through, you know Henry better than you know yourself. That's what I call art, as well as vivid entertainment.

A third picture that boasts a person's name for its title is *Christopher Bean*—in which the title character never appears. (On the stage, he was *The Late Christopher Bean.*) For this is a comedy that deals with the part that some paintings of a dead artist have on a group of people. Years after his death, Bean is hailed as a genius, but few of his paintings can be found; in search of some, art collectors go to the New England hamlet where he had died, and look up Lionel Barrymore, impecunious country doctor, and Marie Dressler, Lionel's servant, of whom Bean had painted a portrait. When Lionel sees this one last chance to get "rich," he temporarily goes avaricious and tries to separate Marie from her painting—but Marie, usually big-hearted (she's even helping a young couple to elope), stubbornly fights against giving it up. And her reason turns out to be a good and sufficient one, of the kind that audiences go for in a big way. It's a quiet comedy, but a penetrating one, and Marie and Lionel are, as usual, superb.

In *Only Yesterday*, also, a spell is cast by a dead person—and, reversing Shakespeare, advances the thesis that the *good* that men (or women) do lives after them. Dying in the fall of 1929 (year of the market crash), Margaret Sullavan leaves with her aunt a young son—and a packet of letters addressed to John Boles, a stock broker. Ruined by the crash and unhappy in his home-life, he is planning suicide, when the letters come into his hands. He starts to read them, and the camera dramatizes what he reads—telling the [*Continued on page 60*]



● The Cinderella theme bobs up to tease you in *My Lips Betray*. Lilian Harvey is the cabaret slavey who charms John Boles, a king in disguise. Frothy, but soothing to the eye.



● As dramatic as today's headlines is *Broadway Through A Keyhole*. And it's admirably acted by a large cast headed by Paul Kelly, Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo.



● A story told with simplicity and power is *Only Yesterday*. John Boles and Margaret Sullavan make it recognizably real. We advise all of you to see it.



● Constance Bennett is in a tough spot in *The Woman Spy*, but emerges triumphant. It's an old yarn, but it has its torrid love scenes between Connie and Gilbert Roland.



● They'll tell you in journalism that when a man bites a dog, that's news. They'll tell you in dramatic circles that when a star allows her leading man to take a solo curtain call, that's sacrilege. And they'll tell you in radio that when a performer deliberately steps aside and asks that the spotlight which he has held for several years, be focussed away from him on to others in the show, that's—well, that's colossal.

Those along the Main Stem who have been waiting a long time for the Vallee meteor to begin its swift descent, hitched forward in their chairs when Rudy started to step into the background and bring a succession of guest stars to the microphone. And then they just hitched right back again, for to their amazement they found Rudy earning more fame and popularity as radio's master showman than he ever had as radio's favorite bandleader.

The list of luminaries who have made their ether debuts as Rudy's guests is impressive. Gertrude Niesen first sang her torrid songs into his mike. Kate Smith had her first network airing as his guest. Burns and Allen were well known in vaudeville, but their appearance with Vallee did much to get them their present contract. Lou Holtz went on the program for several appearances before starting his own series. Even Eddie Cantor's regular commercial was preceded by a broadcast with Rudy. It was Rudy who induced Walter Hampden to bring a scene from "Cyrano" to the air.

"The Florenz Ziegfeld of the Air", they're beginning to call this ex-collegian. And Rudy just smiles.

● 'Sfunny, this radio business. Sometimes you simply must believe in fairy tales. The latest tale has to do with pretty Edith Caldwell of Birmingham, Ala. 'Tis said that Edith came to New York for her summer vacation and just happened to be attending a party . . . a perfectly natural thing for a cute, nineteen year old Phi Mu from Howard College to do. But—ah, here comes the pay-off—who should be another guest but Ernie Holst, the orch leader. Edith, who had been doing a bit of singing over a local Birmingham station, obliged the guests with a couple of songs. And then—you guessed it—the very next evening she started a new career as soloist with Holst's orchestra. Yep, 'sfunny, this radio business.

Milton Berle gave his first signs of being funny at the age of three when his ma, who incidentally has never missed a single one of her son's performances, took her young hopeful to the photographer's. Rather than posing "straight", little Milt reached for some hats, put them on, made faces and in general tried to be a scream. "The All-American Berle" as he has been dubbed, is twenty-five years old and was born a Berlinger, if you care about such things.

Whispering Wires

● Walter O'Keefe used to be the telephone operator and general handy man in the offices of the South Bend *News-Tribune* while a freshman at Notre Dame. . . . Jimmy Wallington was so nervous on his first assignment over a large network that instead of announcing a number from "The Prince of Pilsen," he said "The Pill of Princeton"—and he went to the University of Rochester, not Yale. . . . First pianist for Johnny Green's concerts is his Harvard classmate, Charlie Henderson, with whom he once organized the Harvard Gold Coast Orchestra.

Columbia Cha-Cho

Gather 'round, ye old phonograph boys and girls, and listen to Guy and the little Lombardos do ye old *College Medley*. On two sides of a brand new record, the boys offer all ye old songs of ye old Big Ten. (Silly, isn't it? Ye're telling us!) And then just so no one will feel slighted, they give you a *Fraternity Medley* with all the best brotherhoods honored. No, we're not naming them, on account of we don't want to start nothin'. . . . "As Thousands Cheer", apparently the first musical hit of the season, furnishes the tune *Heot Wave*, and the Meyer Davis record with vocal by Charlotte Murray and Trio is a rave. The reverse has the love melody of the show, *Lonely Heart*. . . . Bernie Cummins, who used to be a prize fighter, returns to wax with *Co-Ed Porty*. We remember liking his music 'way back when he used to pack 'em in at the Biltmore, and he's still swell. On the other side we have Ben Bernie playing *Shanghai Lil*, a tricky melody from "Footlight Parade". . . . All the record companies, we understand, have been waging fierce fights over the services of Ethel Waters. (Oh, why weren't we born a singer instead of ye old columnist—ugh, we're at it again!) When you hear her sing *Supper Time* and *Harlem*, you'll know why. . . . We'll make a bargain with you. Get the record of *This Is Romance* and if you know it's Ben Bernie's band playing, without looking at the title, we'll send you a copy. Le Bernie (that's wrong, but we have to have some fun) sounds like a combination of Le Duchin and Le Lombardo. The reverse is *Football Hero* in which ye Old Maestro (a natural) sounds more like himself.

Victor Vo-deo-do

Conrad Thibault, he of the marvelous voice, has recorded two numbers this month that are worthy of your austere attention. The one is the inevitable *Last Roundup* and the other *Short'nin' Bread*. We think Mr. Thibault is a find and his voice is what popular music needs more of. . . . Ray Noble is back with two numbers, *Less Than the Dust* and *Temple Bells*. They're both Indian love lyrics and like most Noble offerings, are a welcome novelty. . . . Cab Calloway and Gene Austin share honors for hot tunes and still hotter renditions this month. Cab offers *Harlem Hospitality* and *Little Town Girl* in the inimitable Calloway manner, and Gene gives us *I Had a Good Girl* and that hardy perennial *Nobody's Sweetheart*. It's practically a toss-up. We liked them both. . . . It always seemed funny to us that the highest praise that could be offered a singer was to say "His *Dinah* is marvelous." Well, to these unprofessional ears, it seems that an orchestra in the future will be judged by its *Big Bad Wolf*. Here's Don Bestor, who progressed from the Lexington to the Biltmore in N'Yawk, showing us how effectively his boys can make "little pigs" of themselves. In the same spirit of good clean fun they give you *Mickey Mouse and Minnie's in Town*. . . . "Footlight Parade" certainly has some real tickly tunes, and Paul Whiteman does up *Shanghai Lil* and *Sitting on a Backyard Fence* in a way to keep your feet moving.

Brunswick Boop-a-doop

Another excellent vocalist, the charming Ruth Etting, has been ensnared under the Brunswick banner. Her first release is a happy one, *Close Your Eyes*—the latest tune of another talented young lady, Bernice Petkere—and *Summer Is Over*. They're both well suited to the Etting delivery. . . . That smoothie, Anson Weeks, records the latest Kahn-Donaldson opus *You've Got Everything*, which, of course, is great, and on the reverse side does *I'll Be Faithful* with a good vocal by Pete Fylling. . . . The movies, rather than the shows, are furnishing most of the musical themes today. "Stage Mother" had *I'm Dancing on a Rainbow* and *Beautiful Girl* and Freddy Martin makes some good dancing from them. Freddy, who's improving all the time, also offers *Three Wishes* from "Good Companions" with vocal by Elmer Feldkamp, and a waltz *A Moonlight Memory*. You'll like the arrangement in the former, and the latter—well, you know what a waltz with a title like that would be like, don't you?

Suggestions for among your souvenirs:

Bing Crosby's *Thanks* and *The Day You Came Along* (Brunswick).

What's the Matter with Me and *I'd Rather Be Sponish* by the late Jean Malin (Columbia).

Lazybones and *Snowball* by their composer Hoagy Carmichael (Victor).

—*R. B. S.*

publicity yardage

From page 13

to have greater power, elasticity or "bounce" than those of larger men who appear equally solid.

Joe Sternaman, of Illinois, weighed only about 150 pounds but he has that same unusual muscular "spring". In college he used to wrestle Jim McMillen, giant lineman and conference heavyweight champion in wrestling. Jim has now attained renown as a professional wrestler; but in his sophomore year he couldn't throw little Joey, who was too tough and knew too many tricks.

In the way of centers, the smaller universities have produced some of the best men in the league, among them being Bert Pearson of the Kansas Aggies; Francis McNally, who used to play with St. Mary's on the Coast (a lot of his current opponents wish that he was still out there); and Tony Siano, of Fordham, who weighs only 170 pounds but makes use of every ounce he owns.

One of the greatest forward passing combinations in professional football history is composed of Jack McBride of Syracuse, pitching, and Ray Flaherty of Gonzaga, Spokane, catching. Neither received national recognition in his college days, so far as I know; nor did George Kenneally of St. Bonaventure and Harry Ebding of St. Mary's, California, two of the finest pro ends.

Another great passer, almost as good as Benny Friedman, is Arnold Herber, who played one season with Regis College and is now with Green Bay. Herber is a fine, all-round hack—fast, strong and durable.

Speaking of passers . . . in the middle of the 1932 season, a twenty-two-year-old halfback reported for a tryout with the Chicago Bears. He was a husky fellow, weighing about 220 pounds, with powerful hands, arms and shoulders. He had played only high school football—in Milwaukee—and beyond that city few if any fans had heard of him. I refer to John Doehring.

In his first practice he demonstrated to the satisfaction of every man on the Bear squad that he could throw a football farther and more accurately than any player we had ever seen. But the question was—could he do it in a game, with big linemen charging at him bent on knocking him out from under his headgear or, to use another quaint pro expression, "off of his cleats"? In pro football, penalties for "roughing the passer" are few and far between. The officials usually find it convenient to be looking the other way. . . . Ralph Jones, Bear coach, spent a great deal of time on Doehring, trying to impart a working knowledge of the professional game as quickly as possible.

Doehring was developed sufficiently to play for a few minutes against Benny Friedman's Brooklyn Dodgers, after the game had been cinched. He threw, effortlessly, two long passes intended for Luke Johnsos, Bear end; both traveled fifty-five yards but they failed to connect. Then Doehring accompanied the Bears on the Eastern swing and in Boston, with newspaper men checking the distance, staged an exhibition of passing, tossing one for seventy-five yards.

Against the Chicago Cardinals Doehring brought a spontaneous *"Wow!"* from the crowd when he threw a bullet pass that traveled thirty-five yards, never reaching a height, so far as I could judge, of more than five and one-half feet. George Corbett, Bear half, took it on to a touchdown. The following Sunday we were staging a heated battle with the Portsmouth Spartans. A defeat meant that we would be out of the running for the championship and we wanted that game. In the closing minutes of the first half, Jones inserted Doehring to toss a few passes. He threw one that zoomed sixty yards to Johnsos, who scored. Although the Spartans later tied the score, that pass kept us in the running for the league title.

Write down on your cuff the name of John Sisk, Marquette, Class of '32, one of the best backs in the moneyed game. He is fast, strong, and he can think. He has the right mental attitude, keeps his head, and is eager to learn everything he can about football.

Yes, a lot of the topnotchers in professional football came into the league without a Gladstone full of clippings and without All-American certificates. The money the game pays had something to do with it, of course. They wanted to keep on eating regularly. But another reason motivated many of them. They weren't satisfied to be "big frogs in little puddles". They wanted to prove that they could do their stuff against the toughest, hardest going the game offers. As one who has, admittedly, received far more than his share of newspaper space, I'm glad that they succeeded, that they are receiving partial, though belated, recognition.

can girls take it?

From page 19

The chic Suzanne's arrival here had been delayed by an attack of bronchitis, and she was late reaching the tournament. Mrs. Mallory was her first opponent, not exactly a sporting salute to Her Highness, but that's the way the draw had lined them up. It was all one with Suzanne. She had no understanding of defeat.

The Frenchwoman played with all her brilliance and verve. She floated about the court, driving with perfect control from one baseline to another. It was the game that until this moment had made other feminine opposition appear ridiculous.

Mrs. Mallory never did realize she was supposed to be in there to take a beating. Grimly she tore from one side of the court to the other, getting her racket on Lenglen's drives, getting them back into the Frenchwoman's court. There was a finality about Mrs. Mallory's belts which Suzanne lacked. The Norsewoman piled up points. Suzanne's bronchitis returned. Short of breath, coughing, she dropped her first set 2-6.

There was a long rally for the first point in the second set, but Mrs. Mallory put it away. Suzanne tried to serve and double-faulted. So she dropped her racket, walked over to the umpire's stand and announced she was all through.

There again it may be all wrong to question the ability of Lenglen to continue, but the fact remains that against greater odds, in tougher competition, others have continued and taken the licking with a smile. Suzanne had forgotten how to lose.

All this may apply chiefly to tennis. Don't quote me, but there was another highly argumentative example of failure to finish in this year's Davis Cup series; and this one, thank goodness, can be hung on the menfolks, who have been getting too much of a break here thus far.

You remember the fanfare and gleeful tumult that accompanied the departure of Ellsworth Vines, who had a year or so at Southern California, and Wilmer Allison, former intercollegiate champion from the University of Texas, singles players, and the doubles team of Princeton's John Van Ryn and George M. Lott Jr. from Chicago U.? Our winning of the Davis Cup from the French was just a matter of playing through. Hadn't Vines whipped Henri Cochet, France's fading star, in straight sets in our national championships the summer before? Van Ryn and Lott admittedly were the finest doubles combination in the game. And with Jean Borotra, France's second-best singles player, retired from singles play, it was scarcely going to be a contest. The boys sort of hinted that baldly when they got on the radio in Paris.

The English had been overlooked more or less, but like Mrs. Mallory and Helen Jacobs, they had not been informed. So Bunny Austin, on the opening day of the Inter-Z one matches, walloped Vines in straight sets and Fred Perry trounced Allison. The doubles team came through as expected, but on the third day Austin beat Allison in the first match, giving England the series.

The final match between Vines and Perry, Britain's greatest player, had no bearing on the decision but had to be played out as an exhibition, as is customary under the circumstances. For four sets Vines fought to save just a bit of America's face. He won the first set 6-1, lost the second 0-6, took the third 6-4 and lost the fourth 7-5. The games went to 7-6 in the fifth and deciding set, with Perry leading. He was at match point in the fourteenth game when it all got too much for Ellsworth. He turned his ankle, fell in a faint, retiring with Perry just one point short of conclusive victory.

The day was extremely hot, and competent critics insisted that the Americans were both undertrained and overtrained. Neither condition kept Lott and Van Ryn from winning as they had been expected to. The alibis were all for Vines and Allison. They had to come home and face the music, and not the least note in the chorus was a bray of "overconfidence".

So you see the custom of default had at least become more popular when the girls gathered at Forest Hills in August for the national championship, with Mrs. Moody seeking her eighth title to tie Mrs. Mallory's record and Helen Jacobs deadly in her efforts to retain the championship she won in 1932 when Mrs. Moody did not compete.

There had been signs of a weakening in the Wills-Moody armor even before the tournament started; but there was no suspicion that it would reach the extreme of defeat for the girl whose pet delight through the years has been polishing off Miss Jacobs with neatness and dispatch. Mrs. Moody wore a brace on her injured back at Wimbledon where she dropped one set in her final victory over Dorothy Round—the first set she had lost in six years. Then in the semi-finals she lost another set to Betty Nuthall, but that was laughed off as the caprice of the queen taking things easily and favoring her back ailment, diagnosed as "suh-acute-fifth-lumbar-vertebrae symptoms".

So when the two Helens reached the finals, there was only passing comment that Jacobs had improved greatly through the year amid the mass of predictions that Moody would again triumph. She always had, often with a display of mercilessness which indicated that her feeling for the girl from her own home town of Berkeley was not exactly cordial.

The story of the rivalry of the two Helens began when Dr. C. A. Wills, father of the imperious Helen, became a sort of discoverer of Helen Jacobs, who ten years ago was liv-

ing in San Francisco. He thought it would be grand for the Jacobs girl to come to Berkeley and take lessons from the same "Pop" Fuller who had developed his own daughter's game. The girls could play together and it would do them both good. Miss Jacobs' family moved to Berkeley, even into the old home in Claremont, which the Wills' had just vacated for more spacious quarters. They went to the same finishing school of Anna Head. They played at the same Berkeley Tennis Club. Helen Wills went to the University of California in 1923, specializing in art, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1925. Helen Jacobs followed.

As the story goes, all was sweetness and light or almost that until a California paper printed a cartoon of Helen Wills on a tennis throne with Helen Jacobs climbing up to her. After that the girls cooled off somewhat. There were rumors of a slight during sorority days which started the then lop-sided contest. For always the advantages have been with Helen Wills—purely feminine advantages of style, social position and accomplishment which would have made any other girl than Helen Jacobs take down her hair at least once.

Instead, the farther they went the more formal they became. Their increasing lack of warmth became known as a "feud", a thing of which tennis authorities with eyes on the gate receipts are extremely fond. Miss Wills proceeded to give Miss Jacobs some tasty beatings. In all their careers, even though they have been members of the same Wightman cup teams, they have played doubles together but once, and that once they were beaten abroad. Seven times Miss Wills, then Mrs. Moody, trounced the big pleasant girl who looks as though she'd make a grand showing in the kitchen baking a cherry pie. But the big pleasant girl never squawked. There was one girl who could take it.

Until August, Helen Jacobs had never won more than four games from the other Helen in match competition, never had won a full set. In the Essex County finals at Manchester, Massachusetts, in 1927, Miss Wills won 6-1, 6-2. In the semi-finals of the 1927 finals at Forest Hills she won 6-0 and 6-2, and in the 1928 finals 6-2, 6-1. The score was the same in the Maidstone finals at Easthampton the same year. The crowning defeat was a relentless 6-0, 6-0 pasting in the 1931 Seabright final, an exhibition that was enough to make even a woman cry for another. But Miss Jacobs kept smiling and plugging. She won her four games in the Wimbledon final in 1932, losing 3-6, 1-6.

They came down to the finals at Forest Hills last summer, beating off the British Wightman Cup girls. The prospect was no better for Jacobs than it had ever been. Moreover, in the flood of medical statements that came out later, it developed that the Jacobs gal was in just as bad shape physically as Mrs. Moody. Offsetting the wounded hack on one side was a set of appendicitis adhesions on the other, and other internal ailments. They could have had a nice chummy chat comparing symptoms.

The story of their match, as thrilling as women have ever played, was after all just a tennis story until the third set. There was tremendous surprise, of course, when Jacobs, blossoming out in shorts, won the first set, a return to normalcy when Mrs. Moody pulled out the second. But the third set . . .

Twice Jacobs broke through Mrs. Moody's service with ease, winning her own delivery in between. Mrs. Moody's movements had slowed with each point. Suddenly she turned and walked to the judges' stand, without a word to her opponent.

"My legs have gone back on me," she told the referee in his tall stand. "I can't continue."

She pulled on her famous blue sweater, gathered up her rackets, and that was that. She and Helen Jacobs left for the same dressing rooms by different routes across the courts.

There was a great deal of hubbub over the passing of the Queen. There was much said as to whether Mrs. Moody was not justified in her default. One side is as good as another, depending on your attitude towards sports. If you like to see your champions stay in there fighting as long as they breathe and move, you thought one thing. If you are content to call a halt on any contest the moment the question of supremacy has been decided, whether or not the match is over, you thought another.

But under the circumstances I thought Helen Jacobs' restrained comment summed up the situation perfectly. "I think the least she could have done," said the champion, "was to congratulate me."

It's the breaks that count?

From page 23

for Yale. A Crimson linesman received countrywide praise, on the strength of that tackle. He later gained All-American recognition. In truth, he didn't make that tackle—his brother did. If the ball-carrier hadn't been handicapped by a sprained leg, he could never have been overtaken. It wasn't logical that a linesman should overhaul a backfield man who had heretofore never been caught from behind. If the jersey had ripped, the ball-toter would have scored a touchdown, and what would have undoubtedly proved to be victory for his team. If the press knew the facts, the Harvard linesman, who made the tackle, would have received due credit. His brother (a great player) certainly wouldn't have received credit, and possibly wouldn't have been named All-American.

Each year at the conclusion of a football season, sports writers, coaches, players and fans take it upon themselves to choose an All-American team. Rarely do any two published selections agree. And for good reason. There are innumerable college elevens in the country. Each team has its star or stars. A weak team can handicap a star. A strong team can make a star. The breaks may be with or against an individual player. We of the East can't see the games in the West, so we depend on the publicity accorded a certain player. Selectors scatter their choices, so as not to favor any one section of the country. Seniors receive preference over players who have one or more years of competition before them. Only eleven men can comprise the select group. Therefore, it is really impossible to be unbiased in a choice of the best eleven men in their respective positions. All-American teams are like jig-saw puzzles. Still, they're a lot of fun.

A most unusual break occurred in the 1930 Yale-Georgia game. At the end of the first half, Yale was leading 7-6. On the opening play of the second half, a Georgia halfback accepted the kick-off, juggled, then fumbled the ball. A speedy Yale end rushed in, snared the bobbing pigskin, and ran for a touchdown—an illegal touchdown. The rule book of that year stated in brief: "When a kicking team recovers a fumbled ball, the ball is dead at point of recovery." The Yale end recovered on the 20-yard line. Therefore, in view of the rule, the ball should have been declared dead at that point. But the referee allowed the goal, and Yale converted for a 14-6 lead. In allowing the goal, the referee emulated his confrere, the umpire, who is "always right, right or wrong". Georgia came back to win, but only in the closing minutes of play. That illegal touchdown, which still stands in the record books, might easily have made the losing team the winner and deprived the ultimate winner of a well-deserved victory.

Two weeks later, the outcome of a game again hinged on a referee's decision. Yale was playing Army. In the first period, the Elis recovered a fumble on the Cadet 7-yard line. This was the first break in Yale's favor. Yale scored a touchdown. On the try for extra point, the kick was blocked. However, Army was declared offside, and Yale automatically received credit for conversion. This was the second break for the Elis, and gave them a 7-0 lead. To the Blue, at the time, that extra point meant the difference between victory and a tie, if Army should also score a touchdown. And Army did—or did they? On a sustained drive, the Cadets reached Yale's 1-yard line. It was fourth down. Army decided to rush the ball. The fullback went over. The argument began. Yale claimed that an Army halfback illegally pushed the fullback, giving him impetus to score. If such was the case, the touchdown would be rendered void and Army would be penalized. The referee ruled that such was not the case, and allowed the touchdown to stand. Army converted, and the game ended in a 7-7 tie. As an aftermath, motion pictures of the game clearly showed that the halfback did push the fullback, as the latter hit the line. So Army received a break. But since the Army touchdown stood, and if Yale hadn't received that extra point due to an Army offside, the Cadets would have won 7-6.

Penalties, which come at crucial moments in a game, can be construed as real breaks I recall two instances which bear out this statement; one in which the favored team was deprived of victory because of a penalty, and another in which the favored team gained victory through the medium of a penalty. Two leading Eastern universities were waging a scoreless battle. Hope sprang in the breasts of both elevens, only to ebb. Finally, late in the game, a back on the offensive team broke past the line of scrimmage, eluded the defensive backs and scampered 35 yards to a touchdown. However, holding on the part of a linesman nullified the score and instead of a touchdown, the offensive team received a 15-yard penalty.

In a recent game between a large university and a small college from a neighboring town, a penalty averted what would have been the biggest upset of the year. The university team was generally recognized as the national champion of the previous year. As a breather, between major games, they scheduled this smaller institution, figuring to win by a sizeable score. But the minor team, having pointed for the game, held their overconfident opponents to a scoreless tie, with but a minute or two of play remaining. Then a break occurred, in the form of a penalty—a break heart-rendering to the small college and of life-saving proportion to the university eleven. The heavily-favored team was forced to punt. They did, and the safety man nonchalantly watched tbe ball roll over the end zone, expecting to get possession on the 20-yard line, a consequent tie, and a moral victory. His reasoning was logical, but an official detected clipping by a defensive back, and gave the university team re-possession inside their opponent's 5-yard line, with four downs within which to score if possible. Time was slipping, but in a race against the watch the university team won—and then continued on, to gain the mythical national championship for the second successive time. That penalty, you can readily see, came as a real break to the national champions, since they couldn't have possibly been accorded this distinction if their record was besmirched with a tie—especially a tie in which they were held by a minor opponent.



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for SORE THROATS

A quick-thinking player (aided by Lady Luck) can create a break by outgeneraling his opponents. A striking example of this happened in the Georgia-Yale game of 1931. Georgia gained a 6-0 lead early in the game. The Southern bulldog then kicked off to the Northern bulldog. The Yale quarterback accepted on his goal-line, and raced through ten men. He only had the safety man between him and a touchdown. At midfield he slackened his pace and picked up three teammates as interference. In view of this fact, a touchdown seemed inevitable. The Georgia quarterback wisely manoeuvered the quartet to the sideline, making no attempt to catch the runner or force him out of bounds. He knew such an attempt would be futile, so he bided his time. He ran alongside of the quartet, partially turning his back to the interferers. If they attempted to take him out of the play, the referee would rule clipping, declare the ball dead, and inflict a 15-yard penalty from the point of offense. The shrewd Georgia quarterback knew this, as did the interferers. The safety man remained calm and collected. The interferers became confused. The ball-carrier, pocketed by his interference, could only await developments. It seemed that the five of them would continue on across the Georgia goal, four willingly, one reluctantly.

Then came the break. The interferers, confused at first, now lost their heads and abruptly came to a halt, as if a signal light had suddenly changed from green to red. The ball-carrier, not expecting such a sudden stop, lost his equilibrium and stumbled. The safety man saw his opportunity, dove in and made the tackle on his own 15-yard line, while the interferers looked on. Yale failed to score from that point. If his own interferers hadn't interfered with him, the ball-carrier would have had a touchdown. The score would have been tied, and a conversion would have given Yale the lead. Georgia eventually won 26-7. Although this is hypothetical, if Yale had gained the lead, the game might have had an entirely different ending, due to the change in plays which would have resulted.

The team that gets the breaks and then has the ingenuity and resourcefulness to make the most of them, is the team that will go the farthest in the game of football. In 1931, Yale and Dartmouth staged a fantastic, sensational scoring affray—the wildest, wierdest game of recent times. To describe the game in detail would take pages, and make you as groggy as were the spectators in attendance. It is sufficient to say that practically every conceivable type of break happened, and each break had an important bearing on the final outcome of the game. In the third period, Yale had the apparently insurmountable lead of 33-10. Then, in quick succession, a 90-yard scoring run from kick-off; a blocked punt, and subsequent run for touchdown; an interception of a pass (after the ball had caromed off two would-be receivers' fingers) and 65-yard dash for a score; and a field goal, with but three minutes of play remaining, gave Dartmouth a tie. Dartmouth scored 33 points, yet didn't register a single first down. Yale gained 276 yards from scrimmage; Dartmouth only 35. Nevertheless the Indians earned a tie because, when they received the breaks, they capitalized.

● The cadet corps marched. The bands played. Fate and seventy thousand people were in attendance. For three periods, Army and Yale were engaged in a scoreless tie, in a game replete with thrills and stalked by tragedy. In the final period, the Cadets broke the deadlock. On a sustained 65-yard march by land and air, they crossed the Blue line. They failed to convert but assumed a 6-0 lead. However, their lead was short-lived. The Yale quarterback (not myself) thrilled the huge assemblage with a scintillating run for 93 yards and a touchdown. A conversion would have put Yale in the lead, but a charging Army linesman blocked the attempted dropkick. The score was tied 6-6. Undaunted, Army again kicked off to Yale, and Fate made his presence known. A Yale halfback received, and started to emulate his teammate's sterling run as he dodged and twisted his way down the field. He seemed to be off—away. But the Army right end sped over, made a final dive and brought the hard-charging ball-carrier to earth with a vicious tackle. The ball-carrier arose, stunned. The tackler lay prone, inert. Most breaks are to the advantage of one team, and to the disadvantage of the other. They are lucky for one, unlucky for the other. But this break struck profound gloom into the hearts of players, spectators, and the country as a whole. I speak of the unfortunate, blameless happening which deprived Cadet Richard Brinsley Sheridan of his life.

The battle was on again. Harvard and Yale met on the gridiron of Soldier's Field, in the golden jubilee of intercollegiate football. The day was as balmy as one in June. The stands were a riot of color, with crimson and blue predominant. Harvard entered the fray undefeated. The Crimson was out to keep its slate clean; Yale, on the other hand, was out to avenge three consecutive defeats administered to them by their arch-rival. The game promised to be one long-to-be-remembered—and so it was. The whistle blew. The toe met the ball. The crowd roared as the ball fell into the arms of the Harvard quarterback, far behind his own goal-line. The Yale forwards swooped down the field prepared to smother the Crimsonite, who had the audacity to attempt a run from behind his own goal. This was just what Harvard wished. The Crimson quarterback jogged to his 14-yard line behind the protection of scattered interference. As he was about to be tackled, he designedly tossed a lateral pass to his halfback. Yale was completely fooled. Down the sideline sped the ball-carrier, picking up momentum with each stride. Yale men missed him, as he dodged in and out on his path to glory. Chalkline after chalkline was left in his wake. He was speedy, but one Yale man was speedier. Out of nowhere came this Yale end, to overhaul the halfback and run him out of bounds on the Blue 7-yard line. If the halfback hadn't hugged the sideline, he might have managed to evade the tackler. But he didn't evade the tackle, and Yale repulsed the Harvard threat. From then on, two mighty lines resisted all attempts of backfield men to break through. Two fine punters engaged in a kicking duel, awaiting a break. The game seemed destined to end in a scoreless tie. Then, with but three minutes of play remaining, the inevitable break came. A Yale linesman blocked a Harvard punt. A teammate recovered. A 26-yard forward pass placed the ball in position for a try from the field—a dropkick. The Elis tried, and the try was good. Yale won 3-0. A break gave the Blue the opportunity to crash through Crimson barriers. Yale materialized, and rested on her laurels for a year after years.

In football, as in life, it's the breaks that count.

tips to young money managers

From page 27

read the postscript to a note I received from Will Rogers, I threw out my chest. On a second reading, however, I wasn't quite so certain that I had reason to become puffed up. Here was the postscript: "I hope some day, Brother Forbes, to be rich enough to be able to afford to act on your stock market tips."

I didn't like that word "afford". Incidentally, since then my chest has become as deflated as the stock market. All of which is meant to convey that a young man should not stake his savings on speculation.

What *should* he do with them?

His first $1,000 or $1,500 nest-egg should be deposited in a strong savings bank. If he takes unto himself a wife, he should at once begin carrying a generous amount of straight life insurance. If his margin of income over outgo be very slender, he would do well to consider supplementing this protection with term insurance.

I'm old-fashioned enough to believe in home ownership. A modest suburban or country home is a more ideal place to bring up a family than is a city flat. Homes can now be acquired on easy payments, spread over years. Nearly every community has building and loan associations which make home ownership feasible at a cost only slightly exceeding rent.

Having stored up one or two thousands in a savings bank, having purchased a desirable amount of insurance, having launched on the road toward ownership of a home, what is the next sensible step?

Here a wide choice opens up, fan-like. First, let me set down what the majority of bankers would recommend: "Buy the highest-grade of bonds. After that, get the best possible advice on which preferred stocks of opulent corporations you should purchase. Avoid common stocks. Above all, avoid venturing into new projects, no matter how glittering." That advice, while it may be embraced by the ultra-timid, by women and by old folks, carries scant appeal to the typical American who is making his way in the world.

The banking Croesus, George F. Baker, didn't consider he was old enough to take up golf until he was seventy. Although I have turned the half-century mark, I have not yet regarded myself as old enough to confine my investments to gilt-edged bonds and low-yielding preferred shares. In this resourceful young country, peopled by men of initiative, ingenuity, enterprise, dowered with unique inventive faculty and enamoured of scientific research, it is more profitable, all financial history proves, to include common stocks among one's investments when one is still within earning age. I personally carry few bonds, only a moderate amount of preferred stocks (purchased since the bottom fell out of prices), and *no foreign securities worth mentioning*. After I took out ample insurance, purchased a home and put a little aside in the bank, I elected to invest almost exclusively in common stocks of American companies.

Old fogeys will adjudge me guilty of insanity, but during the period when a man is still actively in the money-earning ring, I would advise him to put not more than one third of his savings into securities offering only a fixed return. The real money, the big money, is realizable on common stocks. Which common stocks should be chosen?

Always the prospective investor should seek the best advice procurable. *Investigate before investing.* Then pick the common shares of the best-managed—which usually, though not always, is the biggest—corporation in its line. Public utility corporations warrant special consideration because of their assured growth as population and industry and invention multiply.

The ideal time to invest in common stocks is at exactly such a time as this, when depression and deflation have done their worst. The recipe for business success has been thus



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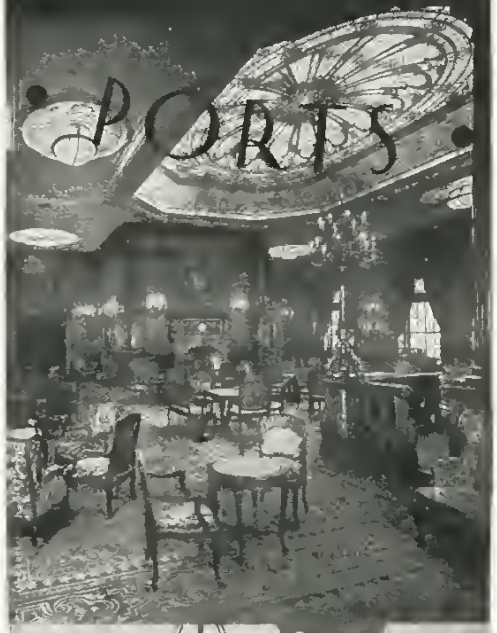
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The itinerary, of dramatic variety, has been enlarged this season to include a number of new ports of call — fascinating Tangiers; Malaga — a lovely Andalusian town of great antiquity; Palma de Mallorca; Beirut; Corfu and Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast. You also may visit inspiring Tel Aviv in the Holy Lands, or stop over in Rome for the Holy Year ceremonies.

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summed up: "Buy cheap, sell dear." Shares can be bought cheapest just after panic has raged and wreckage strews the land.

The foundations for most of America's greatest fortunes were laid under just such conditions as now prevail. This is true of the Rockefeller fortune, the Astor fortune, the Frick fortune, the Carnegie fortune, the Vanderbilt fortune. It is related of the founder of the Rothschild fortune that a friend rushed up to him in London when he was buying securities right and left, and exclaimed, "Don't you know that the streets of Paris are running with blood?" Rothschild's calm reply was, "If the streets of Paris were not running with blood, I would not be able to buy at these prices."

Incidentally, after a young man is no longer young, after he has amassed what he regards as an adequate amount of money, he should seriously consider establishing an irrevocable trust fund. Then, no matter how far things may go awry, no matter how far Dame Fortune may go in transforming her smiles into sneers, no matter how earning capacity may collapse, an assured income will have been established to provide the necessities of old age. No investment I ever made has yielded one tithe the solace and satisfaction I have derived from such an invulnerable, inviolate trust fund of modest proportions.

Finally, a young man's consuming ambition should not be simply to make money, hut to learn from the very start how to make money happily, how to get a thrill out of each day's duties, each day's triumphs—and, most vital of all, out of each day's difficulties. It is a glorious game, this game of life, for those who are game.

the nuder gender

From page 9

Henry came into the breakfast room and told me I was wanted on the telephone, and when I answered it was Nardine. She said, "Feeling all right this morning?"

I said, "Swell!"

Then neither of us spoke for a bit, and finally she went on, "I'm sorry about last night. I mean, leaving without seeing you."

I said, "Oh!" Up until then I had forgotten about it. I said, "It doesn't matter. Forget it."

"You said you had something to give me."

I told her she was too late—I had already given it to someone else.

"You *what?*"

"Gave it to someone else." I began to feel that the conversation was getting a triffe tangled, so I said, "I'll be seeing you. 'Bye."

"Wait a minute, Tad! You're not angry, are you?"

No, I said, I wasn't angry, and then she wanted to know if I was sure, and I said, yes, I was sure, and then she said how about coming over and driving her down to the Beach Club and I said I couldn't.

"I'm sorry," I explained, "but I've got two flat tires." Then the receiver buzzed some more, and I said, 'See you again sometime," and hung up quickly. Somehow Nardine didn't seem as important as she had the day before.

I walked half a mile down to the Beach Club, and the first person I bumped into was Tubby anchored on a piece of sand, gazing at a couple of waves behind a couple of girls. He grinned wisely and said, "Ah, there, Lothario!"

I said, "Do me a favor, Tubby?"

He said, "Sure! Scotch or rye?"

I said I didn't want either. I looked up and down the beach, which was pretty well dotted with groups of sun bathers and sea bathers. "Neither," I repeated. "I am looking for a girl. A strange girl."

Tubby said, "All girls are strange. Strange interludes in the career of man. Are you sure you wouldn't rather have a bottle of Scotch? The hangover's milder."

"A strange girl," I said, "with sherry-colored eyes. . . . And," I added, "two moles on her left shoulder-blade. Sherry-colored eyes and two moles—"

"Listen," Tubby cut in quickly. "It was my mistake! You don't need Scotch or rye. You need tomato juice and black coffee!" He shook his head so that his cheeks wabbled like a dish of jelly imitating Lupe Velez, in a loose way, and then asked plaintively just what, if anything, he was supposed to do about it. When I had finished explaining he shook his head some more.

"Why not?" I demanded. "All I ask you to do is start at one end of the beach while I start at the other, and just look at the girls. That's all. Just look at the girls."

"Just look at the girls," he murmured, kind of to himself. "That's all. First I walk around in front of them and get them to open their eyes wide, so I can see what color; then I ankle around in back and give the left scapula the once-over, and then paddle nonchalantly along. Imitation of Walter Winchell on his day off." He looked at me. "So that's all, huh?"

I said, "Well—"

He straightened up. "Never let it be said that a Wordman failed a friend. I'm off to the waistlands. You take this end of the beach and I'll start at the other."

He plodded off, and I stood and watched him for a moment, and then started off myself. I had never realized before how many unfamiliar girls there were cluttering up the sands of the Bournehaven Beach Club. The way bathing suits were last summer you would think that it would not take long to discover any distinguishing marks around and about, and that you could learn all you wanted to learn in one look and a couple of glances, but it did not turn out like that. Because mostly when I would approach strange girls they would lower their eyelashes, as there did not seem to be anything else they could lower in a modest way, and when I walked around behind it wasn't any better. There wasn't a mole in a carload.

Then, about the time that people began to eye me sort of oddly, and murmur together after I had passed, I saw Tubby waving to me, and I ran toward him as quickly as the sand and a lot of carelessly scattered legs would let me. Tubby came to meet me, and said, "Would a girl with champagne-colored eyes and a strawberry mark on the nape of her neck do just as well?"

Before I could get a chance to say no, I felt a hand on my arm and there was Nardine in a very ah-ah bathing suit, with Harvey Grace bringing up her shadow. She said, "I've been looking all over for you, Tad darling."

I said, "I just got here."

"About an hour ago," Harvey cut in. "What was the idea of the Sherlock Holmes business up and down the beach? Lose something?"

"Yes," I said. "A lot of time."

Nardine said, "Oh," in a vague way, and Tubby said, "We were looking for an honest woman, if you must know. One who doesn't hide her blight under a bushel of chiffon."

I glared at him, and Nardine wanted to know whatever in the world he was talking about, and I said he wasn't talking about anything, but just talking, and Harvey grunted in a nasty way. Then Nardine said she had an idea, which included sailing over to Bahley Island and having a picnic luncheon there.

I said, "I think it's a swell idea," and then I looked at my watch and added, "Hadn't you better be starting?"

"But you're coming, too!"

I shook my head. "I've got work to do."

"What kind of work?"

"Research work."

She opened her eyes wide, then narrowed them, and murmured, "Well, of course. . ."

"Harvey will see that you have a good time," I cut in hurriedly. Then I added, "Well, so long," and turned and started down the beach, with Tubby panting along behind me, shaking his head from time to time.

● Well, the next two days were not particularly productive of anything outside of some puzzled telephone calls from Nardine and a long series of grumbles from Tubby. He came around about ten o'clock one morning and sat on the edge of the hathtuh while I shaved, and said, "It's no use, Tad."

I said, "What's no use?"

"Looking for this girl." He kind of sighed. "I've done everything—everything but disguise myself as a Turkish towel in the ladies' locker room, but it's no use."

Then he lit a cigarette and lost his balance, and slid down inside the tuh, which would have been one thing if the tub had been dry, which it was not. After I had helped pull him out again, he yelped, "And now what?"

I said, "I'll try to forget about her."

He said, "I wasn't talking about some girl! I was talking about pants. *My* pants!"

There didn't seem to be anything that could be done about it at the moment, however, because my pants would not go around him by several inches and a foot or two. So finally I left him lying on his stomach in the sunlight on the sleeping porch while I went downstairs to interview Uncle Nadab on the possibilities of an advance on my next dividends, so I could get some kind of a car to replace the one I had, which had gone on a kind of passive resistance strike, like Mahatma Gandhi and the stock market.

Uncle Nadab was sitting at the desk in the library glaring through his eyeglasses at the morning paper and clicking his teeth. I said, "Good morning," and he cast a glance at me, and said, "Good morning, Thaddeus," and then he slapped the paper down and said, "Disgusting!"

I eyed him nervously. "Disgusting!" he repeated, and waved the paper at me. "That woman should be locked up!"

I said, "What woman?"

"Here!" He jabbed a bony forefinger at the paper, and I looked at the photograph of a Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish surrounded by several undersized dogs and a pair of knees slightly out of focus. "What has Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish done?" I asked timidly.

"Read it!"

So I read it, and discovered that Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish was no longer the wife of Mr. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish, as he had that day been granted a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty. It seems that Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish had several habits that annoyed him; that she had insisted on sleeping between black sheets in a bed consisting of several wooden planks and nothing else; that she had forced him to dine in orange and Nile green pyjamas for no other reason than the fact that she liked the colors on him, and it seems that Mr. Fish was not the type of gentleman who enjoys dining out in pyjamas, orange or Nile green or otherwise, and he suffered somewhat as a result.

Just what Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish had to say about it all was unknown, according to the newspaper, as she had retired somewhere in seclusion and a temper, and reporters were unable to get in touch with her. I handed the paper back to Uncle Nadab, and said politely, "Interesting woman."

He sort of snorted, and then exploded, "A

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

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Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

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The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake? HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

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Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

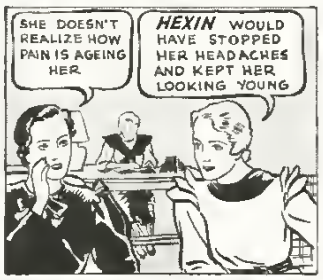
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woman like that should be confined!"

"Because she liked orange and Nile green pyjamas?"

Well, it seemed that there were more reasons than that, and Uncle Nadab knew all of them. As nearly as I could gather, this Mrs. Fish annoyed him almost as much as she had annoyed Mr. Fish, who was by way of being her third husband. For when this Mrs. Fish wasn't sleeping between black silk sheets she was very busy having other ideas and telling the world about them. A couple of years ago it had been companionate marriage, and before that it had been Hindu philosophy, and all in all she was a very pernicious influence.

"A pernicious influence!" repeated Uncle Nadab, waving his eyeglasses at a slightly startled fly. "For the good of the younger generation she should be locked up!"

I said mechanically, "There's plenty more fish in the sea," and then I decided to grasp the conversational bull by one horn of the present dilemma, and said, "You know my car, uncle. . ."

"What's that?"

"My car," I repeated. "I mean, it has sort of joined the unemployed."

I hurried on, going into various details about trade-ins and bargains to be picked up in used cars and the new models that were out, and the large drop in prices, ending up with a paragraph on anti-hoarding and the general idea that I would appreciate an advance on my September dividends.

He said, "No."

I said, "Oh," and decided that as long as he felt that way about it there wasn't anything that could be done, hut on the other hand I was beginning to feel stubborn, so I added, "After all, it's *my* money I'm asking for."

He eyed me oddly over his spectacles and Adam's apple. "When you are twenty-five it is your money, Thaddeus. Three years from now."

"Unless I marry," I reminded him. "According to Dad's will I get control when I'm twenty-five *or* when I marry."

He shot another odd glance at me, and gave a hrittle-sounding laugh. "Only," he said finally, "if I approve of the—ah—match. . . . If you feel like dispersing money, Thaddeus," he added, in a slightly different tone, "I would approve a contribution to a new movement I am interested in at present—the East Coast Female Reform Society."

I said stiffly, "I do not feel interested in the East Coast Female Reform Society this morning," and went off upstairs to the sunporch where Tubby was reclining and asked, "How are your pants, Tubby?"

He said, "Don't get personal. How's your uncle?"

So I told him that Uncle was slightly soggy, too. We smoked cigarettes while we waited for his pants to finish drying, and talked about ways and means, and finally decided to go to New York.

"Maybe I can find a job there," I suggested. "I have a feeling that Bournehaven won't he an answer to anybody's prayer this summer."

We drove into town in Tuhhy's car and parted at the club; Tubby went off to look at some motor boat display and I wandered down Madison Avenue, wondering how you went about looking for a job. At the corner of 46th Street I had an inspiration, and turned east towards the *Morning Mercury* building. Jerry Hammond was city editor of the *Morning Mercury*, and his kid brother had roomed with me in college. I found Jerry sitting behind a desk in shirt sleeves and a green eyeshade. He looked up at me over a ring of cigarette stubs and said, "Hy, kid!"

I said, "Hy."

He said, "What's on your mind?"

"I've got an idea I'd like a job."

He shook his head kind of sadly. "There was a broken heart for every light on Broadway," he said, "once. Now there are five out-of-work reporters. Times are so tough they are giving away columnists with the Sunday editions."

"It was just an idea," I said.

"It was a lousy one!"

I admitted that maybe he was right.

"Of course I'm right!" he snorted, and frowned at a copy boy. "But I'll give you a free lance assignment, just to show my heart's in the right place."

I eyed him suspiciously. He just kept on grinning, and then demanded suddenly, "Did you ever hear of Mrs. F. K. Pavenstock-Fish?"

I eyed him more suspiciously, and hegan to remember the peculiar idea of humor that had been one of his brother's drawbacks as a roommate. "Yeah," I admitted warily. "I've heard of her."

"Lovely!" Jerry announced, still giving an imitation of a Cheshire cat thinking about a Persian kitten. "You find her, wherever she is, write a story ahout her and grab a couple of pictures if you can, and we'll huy it. If it's a good story, we might even give you a steady job."

I said, "And how come one of your bright reporters wouldn't do just as well?"

"They'd do better," Jerry said. "If they could find her."

When I got back to the club I had some difficulty in finding Tubby, and finally discovered him in the grill room, very much in a mood for going places. I said, "Home, James," and took him out, and we got into the car and an argument as to who should drive, and finally I said, "The way I feel, I don't care who drives. Let's get going."

We got over Queensborough Bridge all right, hecause Tuhhy has always been one of those people who only seem to click on all cylinders when hehind a steering wheel. I drew several long breaths, and he said, "And how was your day in town, Mr. Winters?"

I told him.

He said, "Tut!" and swerved out to avoid a truck and in to avoid another truck, and then again just for good measure, and I began to wish we had stayed in town for the night or that I was driving. Finally I said, "Slow down, and take the hack road around the next curve."

He wanted to know why, and I told him that the headlights of the approaching cars hurt my eyes, and on the back road there was not so much traffic. So he grunted and slowed down and we jounced off the main highway onto a road consisting one half of hollows and the other half of bumps, with a lot of irregularities in hetween. I was beginning to feel a little better, when suddenly two headlights appeared from nowhere with a rush, and Tuhhy tugged madly at the wheel and there was a crash . . . a crash and a hlinding flash of light, and then darkness.

When I opened my eyes there was a girl in a more-than-odd-appearing costume standing by my bed, holding a thermometer in one hand and looking at me. I glanced away, and then I saw Tubby in another bed, across the room. There was a very queer expression on his face.

The girl spoke. She said, "How do you feel now?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you know," she said sharply. "If you don't, who does?"

"I don't!" I insisted. "I don't know where I am, nor what happened to me, nor who you are. How can I know how I feel?"

"There was an accident."

"That," I admitted, "I more or less suspected." I looked over at Tuhhy. "Did you realize there was an accident, Tuhhy?"

With the funny expression still on his face he said, "I realize more than that."

Before I could ask him what he meant, the girl shoved the thermometer in my mouth, and said sternly, "You're supposed to keep quiet." After a bit she took the thermometer out of my mouth, looked at it, shook it, and then shook her head and went out. I said, "Tuhby!"

Tubby said, "What would you?"

I said, "What's the answer?"

"It's in the back of the hook," he said, with a kind of smirk. "Just a leaf or two further on."

"Leaf?"

"Fig," said Tubby, and that was all I could get out of him.

Pretty soon the door opened, and another woman came in. She looked as though she had about forty-odd harsh summers behind her, and she had kind of prominent cheek hones and teeth and closely cropped hlack hair with gray streaks running through it. She was wearing the same kind of costume the other female had worn—made out of what looked like rejected burlap and shaped like a bathrobe or a monk's evening clothes.

Tubby said, "This is Miss Meeps, Tad," and I said, "How do you do?" and she said hriskly, "The important thing is how *you* are doing."

Then she explained what had happened, and it seemed that one of her assistants had been driving the car that ran into us, or that we ran into, which was something that hadn't been decided as yet, and that was why we were where we were.

I said, "But where are we?"

"The Narcissus Nature Club."

I said, "Pardon me?"

"The Narcissus Nature Club," she repeated.

I looked at her blankly, and then I looked at Tubhy, whose face had grown kind of red, as though he had swallowed an olive the wrong way and was trying to keep the whole matter a secret. Miss Meeps eyed me sharply across the hridge of a shiny nose, and then continued. It seemed we were very fortunate to have an accident just where we did, if we had to have an accident, for it was just the place for us to recuperate from whatever was the matter with us. She paused, and I looked at Tuhhy again, and something in his manner gave me an idea that everything was not as much on the up and up as it might appear.

"My uncle—" I was heginning when Tuhhy cut in, "Don't worry about him, Tad."

I said, "No?"

"No. I telegraphed him that you were staying with me."

I said coldly, "That was nice of you."

Miss Meeps said, "You shouldn't move about for a day or two, according to the doctor. You've a badly sprained leg, you know."

"I didn't," I said. "But thanks for telling me."

She smiled hleakly and went out. I glared at Tubby.

"Well," he protested, "I figured it was easier for you to steer clear of your uncle for a bit, than to try to explain how come you had an accident."

"*I* didn't have the accident," I pointed out.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That won't make the explanations any simpler. Not if I know your Uncle Nadab. . . . And think of the swell time we'll have here."

"What do you mean, swell time?"

He grinned some more. "Don't you know what the Narcissus Nature Club is?"

"No."

"Oh," he said. "I guess I forgot to tell you, didn't I? Well, the Narcissus Nature Club—" he paused and yawned. "Too bad your uncle isn't here, Tad."

"Never mind ahout my uncle."

"Just as you say. He'd enjoy it here, though. I think he'd really enjoy it a lot. I mean, he wouldn't he hored at all, Tad."

I told him that if I only had a gun he would he hored in no less than seven places, and he said, "Thanks. But there's no need to get excited. Because the Narcissus Nature Club is just a nudist colony, that's all. Just a nudist colony." He yawned once more, and turned over heavily. "Excuse me while I take a little nap now, will you, please?"

(To be Continued)

writing as a business

From page 15

returned—show that this first refusal was on January 22nd, 1933. The second refusal was on February 27th, and the idea finally accepted on March 2nd. The piece was finished on March 16th and paid for March 30th, and appeared April 20th in the May number of the magazine. Your investment in time and effort is often tied up for long periods. That's all part of the writing game.

Don't neglect the small markets. You have to learn the business are we all did, by starting at the beginning. If you live in a small town, see the local newspaper editor. Of course he will say no, at first. Keep after him. Dish up new ideas. Eventually he will use your stuff merely to have you stay out of the office. I know my own stuff has been used for this reason more than once.

That brings up the next point. Is a newspaper training necessary for free lance writing? No, and after a certain time it can even be harmful. I realize that many famous writers were newspapermen; but don't overlook the fact that many other equally famous writers never saw the inside of a newspaper office. One of the biggest literary agents in New York told me recently that he considered newspaper work over a long period of years harmful to many writers, because the reporter is so used to being told what to do and where to go for a story that when he is thrown on his own he frequently loses his initiative and is at a complete loss.

One suggestion to all beginners: get a specialty in writing. I had a specialty, a certain line of work which I liked and which interested me. This work got me a part-time job in a big metropolitan daily and has given me recognition in a small and localized field. Of course you will pick out a specialty that interests a large number of people rather than one which interests only a few. For instance; you may be an authority on the interior of submarines. Interesting, but outside of sea-faring folk you haven't much of an audience.

Now then, you are selling, which means you are the literary Fuller Brush man; you have a specialty in case the editor chucks up the great editorial question, "What can you write about?" Next in importance are or is, and I can never remember which is right, ideas. Ideas often come from conversation with people. From observation. From reading—the newspapers, especially. Some writers get ideas from walking in the woods in the rain, others from sitting alone smoking, others from reading. A great source of ideas is, or ought to be for you, the classics. Ideas are all around you. Yet even today after ten years or more of earning a living by putting ideas on paper, my greatest trouble is getting hold of something to write about. Of the many ideas I get in the course of a year, only about one in ten is any good. This speaks badly for my intelligence but it is a fact. I still have to grope about for subjects upon which to write.

You haven't a name? Isn't that a handicap? No, no and again no. In some ways it is in your favor. For two reasons. Editors want unknown writers, they are after unknown authors because they can pay them less money than the old established names. And also for a variety of reasons; one of which is vanity. Every editor likes to think of himself as the man who discovered Jimmy Johnson, the great novelist, and every unknown name presents a certain thrill because it may mean the start of a real author. *Scribner's,* for instance, are still talking about



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Do you need an agent? No, a literary agent is unnecessary for the heginner, you are much better on your own taking your own hard knocks, for you will have to take them some time. Nor do I recommend the various courses in writing and consulting so widely advertised. The way to learn to write is to write. That's all.

You notice that true to my word, I have not said anything so far ahout writing. No, for the way to write is simply to write, to get on with it. Writing is hy no means the most difficult part of the writing game; anyone can write and the country is full of first class writers who are starving. But not everyone can *sell*. Not everyone has ideas. Right here let me make a confession. Maybe this will cheer you up in case your English professors didn't consider you so hot. Twenty years ago I failed freshman English in the university I attended. After having sold most of the leading magazines of this country, I felt it time for me tn know how to write, so one fine day I signed up for an extension course in freshman English at Columhia. At the end of the year the instructor in charge said he had never seen such writing in his life. I failed again.

No, I wouldn't worry much ahout the actual writing if I were you. Anyone with the ability to write a simple letter, can write commercially. But to he successful as a writer you must he, first of all, a salesman. Or a saleswoman. You must he a reporter, an analyst, a research worker, an accountant, a sales manager, a production manager, a credit manager, a collection manager and a few other things hesides. Easy? No, it isn't. Sometimes, in fact a good deal of the time, it is hell. But what profession or racket, and even now I am not sure which I am engaged in, is easy at the present time?

To you who've tried to write and haven't yet put it over, this is addressed. To you who want to write and haven't dared send anything out—to you who've written for college magazines or newspapers, campus puhlications of various sorts—to all of you interested in putting ideas on paper, I say, come on in. The water's rough, hut it's fine.



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then darkness again

From page 24

I got the address and we piled into a taxi. When we arrived George got us some sandwiches and cold turkey and then some more eggnogs. Pretty soon the guests started coming in. In a little while the kitchen was frantic mixing eggnogs for everyhody. I was 'way heh.nd the guests. They had been drinking all day, hut I hadn't had much to eat and hegan catching up. Then all of a sudden everyhody started to go.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Somehody else's eggnog party. Want to come?"

"Sure."

I got my suitcase and went out. I climhed into a car and ahout eight others did the same. They were all strangers to me, hut that didn't matter. We were having a grand time Some girl got in and sat on my lap. All the people got inside that could, the rest hung on the running hoard. I turned to the girl on my lap and introduced myself. She laughed in my face.

"Why hother?" she asked.

"After all . . ." I hegan.

"I mean all the formality." She was very good looking and very close to me.

"Of course," I said, "it was a little conceited of me to think that you would want to know my name."

"Are you with the Triangle Club?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I thought so."

I felt pretty small. Her voice was soft and mellow, and her accent was not sickening.

"I guess I'm on the spot or something." Sourly.

"Now you're angry," she teased. "Why bother? We're all friends. I was just amused at your stiffness. You're pretty correct and formal, aren't you?"

I thought I had heen quite familiar, and decided it was because I was a little tight. I guess I was wrong.

"Mayhe we do things differently up there," I said.

"Mayhe."

The car stopped and we all piled out. She had a figure that would shame Miss Continent, and it was not spoiled hy the dress she was wearing, either.

"Is this the scene of the next orgy?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Whose house is it?"

"Mine."

We went in. There were a lot of guests there already, and everyhody was having a noisy time. The girl I was with was greeted loudly and disappeared. Somebody handed me an eggnog. I drank it down, then another, and then started to look for a place to sit down. I found a couch. The girl that had heen sitting on my lap came over.

"Feeling any hetter?" she asked.

"Much."

She sat down.

"Not that it matters, and I hope you don't hurst out laughing," I said, "but what do people call you?"

She smiled. "I'm sorry, forget about it My name is Parker. Nancy Parker."

I howed stiffly. "Don't mistake my lack of sohriety for undue formality."

Her face hecame serious. "Forget ahout it," she said. "Don't run around with a couple of chips."

"Who's doing that?"

"Well, maybe I'm wrong."

"Maybe."

It was one of those things that started the wrong way. We could have heen the best of friends, hut she had griped me, and now I was griping her. It gave me a kind of pleasure. Tom joined us.

"'Lo, Nancy."

"Hello, Tom."

"How've you heen?"

"Fine."

"Imagine," he said to me. "Haven't seen her in five months."

"You should fall all over her," I said, and took a swallow.

Nancy looked at Tom the way the prodigal son must have heen looked at on his return, except that Tom was no prodigal She tried to be very calm and matter-of-fact, but the effort was a little noticeable Someone claimed her and danced off with her.

"Known her long, Tom?"

"All my life."

"Seems to like you."

"I dunno."

"Then she hates you."

He laughed. "That's more like it," and walked off. I sat down for a while, and then the hutler came around with more eggnogs, and I had one. I was heginning to feel it. They were very smooth and mellow, and someone said they came up and hit you over the head without telling you about it, so I decided to take it easy. I got up and joined some men from the club. One of them looked at his watch. "Seven o'clock!"

"When does the curtain go up?"

"Eight thirty."

"Where do we eat?"

"Anywhere you say."

I did not care where we ate. Nothing solid since the day before, and I had to get sobered up for the show. I was beginning to feel dazed. The dining room was crowded. I ate a lot and felt better. Pretty soon I said I had to go, and started to look for my suitcase. Tom got the rest of the men and we drove to the theater.

When we got there it looked as if someone had taken the top off chaos. Alexander, the make-up man, had all the keys to the costume trunks and make-up boxes, and Alexander, the make-up man, was nowhere to be found. Where the hell are the keys? . . . Somebody do something, willya? Who hid Alexander? . . . ALEXANDER! . . . It's eight fifteen! Come on, come on. . . . Look out for that prop. . . . Where are the dressing-rooms? . . . Never mind, they're lousy. . . . ALEXANDER!

At last Alexander turned up, pale, upset and unsteady. Everybody was in a hurry to get their things and forgot to ball him out. I collected my junk and found my dressing-room. It was small and stuffy. It was hot, and the costumes smelled awfully; the grease paint melted badly as soon as I put it on my face, and it was uncomfortable. I took a shot of Bourbon and felt better. As soon as I got through making up I went down to the stage. The show was already starting. I sat down on a box and waited for my cue. I remembered the opening night. Everybody was excited and nervous and on time. Now, nobody cared. It had all become mechanical. The show started three quarters of an hour late, and nobody cared except the president and the audience. I didn't care. It was hot and uncomfortable and I did not care, not tonight, anyway. But the Triangle Club was something that one would really care about.

I remembered how in one city all the alumni gave us a "tea". Some of them had been in the show ten years ago, some fifteen, some even more. They all sang the songs from their show, and then young and old sang the songs of the new show. There was a wonderful feeling of brotherhood, as though we all belonged to an old fraternity, and I felt wonderful inside and strangely elated.

But tonight was different. How's the house? . . . Pretty good. Listen to them laugh. . . . Quiet, please. Wonder what made them laugh on that line? Quiet, please, quiet. . . . SHUT UP! *Shhhh.* . . . I went on and off, then on and off, and before I knew it the first act was over and I couldn't remember a thing about it.

Intermission. Back stage full of tails and evening dresses. Miss Brown, may I introduce Mr. Jones? Would you mind moving over? . . . Hi, Jack! You're right in the way of the prop. . . . Get those lights off, will ya? NO! The floods! . . . Move over, please. . . . There's the comedian, isn't he good? . . . You're right in the way. Get out! . . . Have another? Glad to meet you.

I began to feel funny. I saw Nancy and she nodded. I nodded back and went up to my dressing-room to change for the second act When I came down it had started already. I went through it in a daze. At last the curtain came down and went up again, and we all sang *Old Nassau* and waved our arms. I saw some young boys in the audience. Long ago I was taken to my first Triangle Show, and when I saw everybody on the stage singing *Old Nassau* I got very emotional and decided right then and there that I would go to Princeton.

Afterwards we went to the dance at the country club. It was already well on the way by the time we reached it. I checked my stuff and came out to the floor. The orchestra was playing fast, too fast for dancing. They had ten pieces, a leader, a mike, and a gorgeous entertainer. Her skin was like alabaster with pale blue veins showing through, and her eyes were large and sad,





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and her mouth was very, very nice, and she looked like a miniature painted on ivory. When the orchestra played a blue melody she would stand up and sing sadly into the mike and shut her large eyes and slowly open them, and look around with a dreamy, dreamy look, and it killed the stags. They were mobbed around her, oblivious of the dance, heads forward, chins out, mouths open and eyes rooted on her in wild anticipation. I saw Tom.

"Just like a hunch of dogs."

"Yes," said Tom, "only a little more civilized." Tom was a good egg.

"Where are the drinks?"

"Dining room."

"Let's go."

We got a couple of tall ones and sat down at one of the tables. I saw Nancy not far from us, and as soon as she saw Tom, she suddenly became very animated and interested in the man who was with her.

"There's Nancy," I said to Tom.

"Yeah," and he took a swallow.

"Some kid."

"Yeah," and he took another swallow.

I saw he did not want to talk about Nancy.

"Some party," I said.

"As good as any of them."

I watched Nancy for a while. She was talking in a very live sort of way, smiling and laughing, and being very excited, and sometimes looking out of the corners of her eyes to see if anybody was watching her, the way conceited celebrities do.

"Let's see what there is," I said, and we went to the dance floor. It was crowded. Everywhere we went it was crowded, but the dance floor was worse than any other place. Couples pushing one against the other, and the stag line pressing closer and closer. You could dance around behind the stag line, until other couples discovered it and that became crowded, too. Then someone would get up and ask the stags to stand near the walls, and it would start all over. I saw someone on the other side of the room that I wanted to dance with and walked across the floor. I got a kick, then a shove, then an elbow in my face. Excuse me. I ducked again. Cut please. I thought the show was *so* nice. And do you give it every night? Almost. Cut please. . . . And were you a chorus girl? I was the duke. So *sorry*, I really didn't recognize you. Cut please. . . . You look so *much* like someone I know. Where do you live? Oh, do you know— Cut please . . . Where *have* you been?

I got sick of talking about the show. I got sick of talking. The dancing made me feel worse. The orchestra was blaring, the sad entertainer was whispering in the mike, the couples were dancing, the crowd was pushing, the stags were cutting, orchestra playing, entertainer singing, couples dancing, crowd pushing, stags cutting, orchestra, entertainer, crowd, stags . . . I saw Nancy. She was dancing on different levels, quite a bit higher than I, then lower, then she was right near me. I cut in.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. She looked a little worried. I was not sure, but I thought she did. Anyway, she was beautiful, quite beautiful. We started to dance, and suddenly the music disappeared.

"Let's go out," I said, and we went to the porch. I felt a little vague, and it seemed as though my eyes would not stay open. I knew I had to behave well, because if I didn't she would think I was drunk. We came to the steps and it felt as though my feet were moving somewhere 'way down below and my body was standing perfectly still, when suddenly the ground came up and stopped me. We walked down the lawn and the night air made me feel quite sober.

"Isn't it warm?" I said.

"Isn't it?"

"Is it generally as warm as this in winter?"

"Couldn't tell you. Haven't been home three Christmases."

There was a silence. "Been to school?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Radcliffe."

"Where's that?"

"Boston."

There was another silence.

"You know, you don't have to talk this way if you don't want to," she said. "You don't have to talk at all."

"What if I want to talk?"

"I mean all this triteness. Where do you go to school? Where do you live? Isn't it hot? Do you know so-and-so? Sort of futile. Much rather you didn't say anything at all."

She spoke very rapidly and made me a little confused. I could not think quite clearly, much less answer her. I knew that when I got tight, long words suddenly sprang to my command. I had not reached that stage yet. I wondered if I ought to make love to her, if she expected it. Maybe she would think I was shy and backward if I didn't.

"No, you don't have to," she said suddenly.

"Have to what?" I asked.

"Make love to me."

"Who said I was?"

"You generally do."

"*I* do?"

"Don't be conceited. I meant it collectively."

"You seem to know a lot," I said.

"Enough."

"Enough to teach me some?"

She smiled. "Now I'm being taken for a ride."

"Meaning that I have so far?"

"Not exactly."

"Wait," I said. "Wait a minute. I'm a little mixed up."

"We were talking about love."

"Oh."

"You were going to make love to me."

"Was I?"

"Yes."

"I'm not surprised."

"At least you're polite."

"Not at all. Merely truthful."

"Expect me to believe you?"

"No."

I suddenly began to think clearly. "It's a funny world," I said.

"Why don't you laugh?"

"No, I didn't mean it that way."

"Really?"

"Take you and me, for instance. Suppose we knew each other all our lives. Suppose our parents knew each other. Suppose our grandparents . . ."

"Let's just say we knew each other pretty well."

"Good. We know each other very well. I tell you I love you. You believe me and swoon a couple of times."

"Not necessarily."

"At least you'd believe me."

"Perhaps."

"But just because we meet for the first time you think I'm lying."

"Aren't you?"

I waited long enough to sound convincing. "No."

"Sounds nice."

"You'd like to believe me?"

She didn't say anything, just looked away. I was beginning to feel numb again. What was she driving at, anyway? Why did she suggest going out? Or did she? I vaguely remembered having asked her to step out. All right then. Why did she *come* out? Oh, well, it was pretty nice outside.

"Shall we go in?" she asked.

We walked back to the clubhouse and

started to dance. I was cut out right away, walked over to the stag line and started to look about aimlessly. I was looking for somebody, but I couldn't remember who it was, so I just stood there looking. Then got tired of it and went to the dining room. I got a Bourbon and looked for a place to sit down. There was a little low-ceilinged room on the side, and there were not many people in it, mostly couples, that minded their own business, so I went in. Tom was sitting alone at a table thoughtfully gazing at an eggnog that he was carefully stirring.

"What a drink, what a drink."

"Yeah," I said, and sat down.

"What've you got?"

"Bourbon."

"Some in this, too. Good eggnog."

A couple of men joined us. They looked at my drink. "Whatcha got?"

"Bourbon."

"Wassamatter with these?" They planked a couple of eggnogs on the table.

"Too sweet," I said. "Make me sick."

"He's sick," said one.

"Man can't take it."

"Can't take it," said Tom.

"Can't take it," I said.

What the hell was all this about, anyway? Everywhere you go you drink. Everybody thinks that a party is a flop unless everybody drinks. That's the way it was at home, too. Every Christmas vacation. All the time, too. Why not have a good time without liquor? Oh, well, I was a helluva guy to start moralizing. I was rotten, anyway. Everything was rotten. The show was rotten. The party was rotten. Nancy was rotten. And if everything was rotten you got drunk, and everything was all right again. But then why did I feel rotten? Maybe I wasn't drunk. No, I wasn't. Not in any definite sort of a way. To hell with it. To hell with Nancy, even though she was beautiful, even though I was in love with her. Was I in love with her? No. Yes. Maybe.

"Saw you go out with Nancy," Tom said. He was serious. He was always serious when he got a little tight.

"Yeah."

"'Smatter, falling for her?" he asked.

"Guess so."

"God help you."

"What do ya mean?" I got sore.

"It's all right, don't get excited."

"She's damn' nice!" I was emphatic.

"Didn't say she wasn't."

"What do ya mean with your God help you?" I yelled.

"I know the girl."

"I don't," I said. I do not know why I said it. It sounded kind of dumb, but I could not think of anything else to say.

"Going to Fran's?" Tom asked.

"Who's Fran?"

"Fran Gardner. Giving us a farewell party."

"When?"

"Any time now."

"Let's go."

We went out to the dance floor. Johnny was waving a twenty dollar bill trying to bribe the gorgeous entertainer to dance with him. She shook her head and looked innocent. We got our luggage and drove to Fran's. There were a lot of people there. Someone handed me a drink, but I couldn't touch it. It just wouldn't go down. I dropped on a couch.

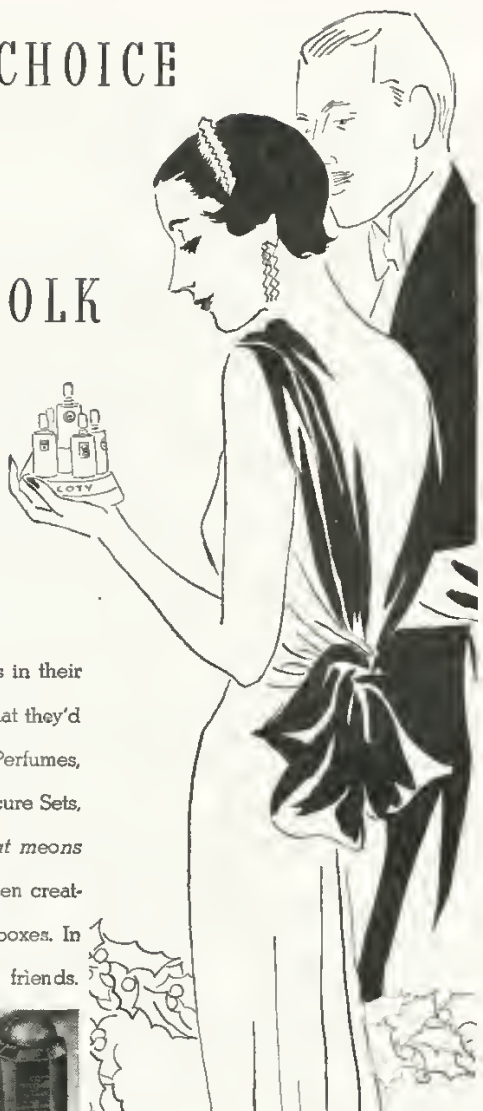
"You look sad."

I recognized the voice. It was Nancy's. I turned around and sure enough, there she was, right next to me, looking all fuzzy but very, very beautiful. I suddenly felt tender, like a mother would feel. Anyway, I felt tender. It seemed as though she was the dearest thing in the world, and that I ought to protect her and fight for her.

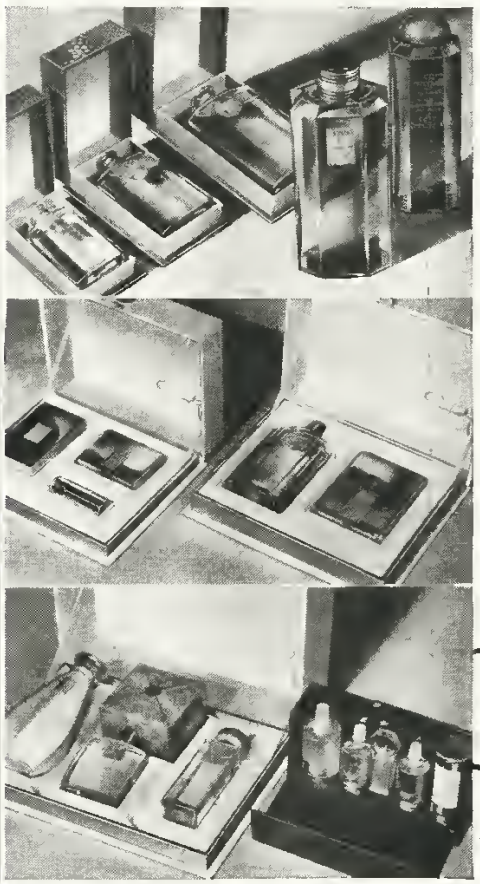
"Nancy," I said, and my voice broke. I felt like crying. She smiled.

"I know," I said. "You think I'm drunk."

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"Not at all." That made me feel better.

"Nancy," I whispered. "Darling."

She smiled. "Can't you do anything else but smile?" I coaxed.

"Go on," she said.

I took a deep sigh. "You're beautiful."

She burst out laughing. I got sore as hell.

"What's so damn' funny?" I bellowed.

"It's all right," she said soothingly. "You're so—sweet."

I felt like a fish-cake. "That was calculated to make me feel small," I said imperatively. "Abysmally small!"

"What words you use," she said in wonder.

"I shall be forced to ask you to desist from indulging in that obnoxious habit of beating around the bush!"

"Have a drink," she said.

"No."

There was a silence.

"Going to see the train off?" I asked.

"What train?"

"*Our* train!"

"Oh," she said. Then, "I don't know."

"You must," I urged. "Your education on the liberal side has been delapidatedly neglected and thoroughly incompleted unless you have seen a Triangle train off."

She frowned and stared in front of her. I turned to see whom she was watching, but I could not distinguish anyone that far across the room. I turned to her.

"How about it?"

"How about what?" she asked.

"Going to the train."

She frowned. "All right."

"Let's go."

"Now?"

"Sure. Get there before the rush."

She smiled. "All right."

We got a taxi and drove down to the station. No one was there yet. We found the train and got in the compartment car. Oscar greeted us with a smile, took my suitcase, and had already put it in my compartment by the time we reached it.

"When does the train leave?"

"Any time now," said Oscar.

"Good old Oscar," I said. Oscar beamed. "Give a yell when the train leaves," I added and closed the door to my compartment.

Pretty soon I heard voices, and long footsteps and short footsteps in the corridor and occasional giggles.

"Let's go out now," Nancy said. She seemed a little nervous.

"Plenty of time yet," I said. It seemed as though we had been alone only a minute. I was horribly in love. . . . Train about to start, Mr. Blake. Good old Oscar. Nancy was good, too. Awfully good. . . . Any time, now, Mr. Blake. Damn Oscar, anyway. . . . But Nancy was all right. She was beautiful. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever met. She was even beautiful in the dark. And the rotten train had to leave!

The voices outside were getting louder. Somebody shouted, "Let her go!" and there was an awful crash, and everybody cheered and laughed and talked, and I kept on kissing Nancy. Suddenly the train gave a lurch. There was an awful yell. Then the train stopped. Nancy jumped up.

"I'd better go."

We went out. The platform was in a great confusion. The train gave another start that was met with a new yell. Everybody was shouting, "All ahoard!" Then somebody shouted, "Overboard!" and they all took it up. Everybody was kissing each other goodby and having a grand time, except for the escorts that were taking the girls home, and they stood around and sulked and looked very angry. I saw Tom with his arm around Fran Gardner, kissing her good-by very fondly. I smiled and turned to Nancy. She was staring at Tom with an awful look on her face. He did not even notice her. Then it dawned on me.

"What's the matter?" I asked. She just stared. "You in love with him?" She did not answer. I suddenly felt empty. "Answer me!"

"I don't know," she said and sounded miserable. That settled it.

"Well, anyway," I said, "thanks a lot," and got on the train. It gave another start. By now most of the people that were supposed to be on the train got on, and those that were supposed to be off the train got off. I went to my compartment, sat on the edge of the bed and started to undress. I heard a terrific shout, and this time the train started off in earnest. The platforms were crowded with waving arms and good-bys that lasted until we were well out in the yard. Then everybody came in, yelling, singing, talking, laughing. Fred entered.

"Am I dead!"

I was already in bed. The train was getting quieter.

"Hurry up with that light!" I barked. It hurt my eyes.

"Wassamatter?"

"Nothing. Good night."

"Met a very tasty job tonight," Fred said.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Good dancer, too. Nancy Parker. She disappeared in the end. Meet her?"

"Yeah."

Someone came down the corridor yelling: "What a town! What a town!" Fred got in bed and turned off the light. Finally the noise got fainter and fainter, and the closing strains of *Sweet Adeline* were drowned out by the rapidly increasing clicking of wheels on tracks as the train pushed its way into the early dawn. Rest and quiet at last except for the monotonous ta-click, ta-click, ta-click that would soon lull me to sleep. It felt good to be on the train with the club. I thought about Nancy and how very much I had been in love with her. I would probably never see her again. Tomorrow we would be in Memphis, or Nashville, or Columbus, or Washington. What difference did it make? It was all the same thing.

these movies

From page 45

story of this woman he had once loved, who had become a dim memory and whose life had been such a struggle because of undying, unselfish love for him. It is a story that tugs at those inner emotions that most people try to hide; it is a story that will mean more to women than to men. But it is a story that is told with simplicity, honesty and power. It is one you won't forget.

In *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, Walter Winchell proves that he can write a lively scenario, as well as a lively column. It's as dramatic as to-day's headlines and will probably be almost as quickly forgotten. For, to get down to analysis, it is simply another variation of the gangster theme—dished up with commendable speed and humor. Constance Cummings, a young innocent, gets a job as a dancer in Texas Guinan's night-club; there Paul Kelly, good-looking and powerful young racketeer, goes for her in a big way, advancing her career, without revealing his own vocation. But when rival gangsters almost ambush them, he sends her South for a "vacation," where she meets Russ Columbo, radio singer, and falls in love with him. Kelly summons her back, Columbo follows, and the two men meet. That's the big moment of the picture, which has suspense most of the way through. Paul Kelly makes a notable screen comeback, Columbo makes a notable screen début, and Constance Cummings is attractively real, as well as really attractive. In the background, Texas Guinan

and Blossom Seeley shine in glamorous hard-boiled rôles.

But while Constance Cummings is in a tough spot, being a gangster's favorite, Constance Bennett is in a tougher one in *The Woman Spy,* being a Russian spy, herself, and being the beloved of an Austrian expert of espionage. It sounds like an old story and so it is, but it is acted by all concerned as if it had never been done before. In other words, it works up considerable tension. And to recommend it further, it has some love scenes between Connie and Gilbert Roland that must have been filmed on non-inflammable celluloid.

Connie is a woman pursued, trying to outsmart the opposite sex; Ruth Chatterton, in *Female,* is a pursuer, trying to be like the opposite sex—only more so. You know how, in movies, big executives are always supposed to have eyes open for attractive, susceptible employees? Well, Ruth, who has inherited the presidency of an automobile company, has a coolly appraising eye for handsome lads in her employ. And when she's through with them, she's through with them. In other words, she may dress like a woman, but she's unemotional in the masculine manner. Then she meets George Brent, who likes his women feminine, gets a rebuff, but finally attracts him, only to rebuff *him*—whereupon he checks out, which act arouses all the latent femininity in her. It's highly sexed, as all of La Chatterton's recent offerings seem to be, but she does right well by it.

As Ruth Chatterton has rated more highly at the box-office since she started having a succession of screen suitors, Maurice Chevalier has always rated highly—by being a Smiling Lieutenant who just couldn't pass a pretty face without winking. But in *The Way to Love* he makes the mistake of being a one-woman man, for a change. A disgusted errand-boy for Edward Everett Horton's love shop, he aspires to be a Parisian guide, when he meets, protects and falls in love with Ann Dvorak, a fugitive from a knife-throwing act. She secretly loves him, but, for his own good, pretends she doesn't and goes out of his life. In his dejection, he goes on a great old binge with a rich, hen-pecked tourist, which indirectly leads to a happy ending for everybody. It lacks the mischievous vivacity of previous Chevalier pictures. It isn't, to put it briefly, what it ought to be.

majoring in fashion

From page 37

Ostrich feather capes give you a wistful look and if you want to be really fluffy you can get ostrich-trimmed hankies to go with them. It's amazing the way you can change your personality by simply changing your gadgets.

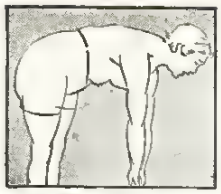
Russell Patterson has advised the men to get B-flat garters for their girls for Christmas. If you think there's a chance of not getting them for a gift, you'd better look into them yourself.

There's a new permanent wave on the market called the "Ariel," which leaves your hair as soft as a baby's and isn't a relic of the days when it hurt to be smart. The poor gal who has to sleep on hairpins every night because she hasn't yet found anything to relieve her agony might look into this new method.

Coty had just gone on the gold standard with a glittering new compact touched off with just a bit of red or blue. The double compact is combined with lipstick and a purse perfume container that automatically slides out the perfume when the top is lifted.



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"Never wear clothes that aren't completely comfortable." That's one of the rules Elizabeth Hawes, America's foremost stylist and designer, lays down for college girls. An article in the January issue of this magazine tells of her college career at Vassar and the reasons why she is an authority on casual clothes.

Winter Carnival —The holiday season ushers in King Winter and his attendant sports of ski jumping, tobogganing and skating. Deck Morgan, who's on deck at every major winter sport event, covers the collegiate ice and snow panorama in an article in January

COLLEGE HUMOR AND SENSE



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S

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born lucky

From page 40

houlder and discerned a dark cavity beneath it. He guided Jed toward the point at which it had appeared and they crept inside.

● At dawn Mark looked out on a drowned world. The river which had been less than a hundred yards wide when he crossed it two days previously now spread over a half mile area, its surface white-capped and tossing. Gone was the beating wind, the flame of lightning and the stroke of thunder; steady rain hissed through drenched foliage, and the rived eddied a few feet helow.

Several soldiers came splashing through the shallows, their hare legs deep in the dirty water. Lieutenant Sarmiento and José were among them, and Sarmiento lifted his shoulders eloquently when Mark asked about the mules. It developed that the Lieutenant had managed to secure eight of the animals but the others had broken away.

Mark ordered them on in their search for the mules and walked with Jed toward the trail. Mark found his men to be a sad-eyed lot and quickly discovered that their greatest grief was in the knowledge that their more fortunate comrades were in Las Lomas, where the bars would still be open.

Mark remembered that liquor had been packed on two mules, to he distributed to the men directly the battle was finished. He informed the men that two loads of liquor roamed the woods on muleback and that if the animals were found he would hreak open the supply. Instantly the depression lifted and the men scattered willingly.

One by one captured mules were led hack. At two o'clock, when the rain had entirely ceased, Sarmiento and José returned with six more. With the liquor still held up as a bait, Mark had the men line up and count off. Nine were missing and the news troubled the men, so Mark hastened to hreak out the liquor.

Again dusk closed in early and Mark ordered the soldiers to form in the same spot in the morning at the sound of his revolver. Breakfast raised the morale of the force and they fell to with a will at the command to build a raft. José planned the construction of the raft according to his own design and it rested in the backwater complete with two rough sweeps, one in the rear which, when held at a forty-five degree angle, would in theory keep the raft broadside to the waves and edging toward the other shore. A similar sweep on the lee side he thought would propel it cross-stream. He manned each post with ten soldiers and grouped a relay of twenty more.

As a further precaution two of the heaviest ropes to he found were fastened to the how of the raft on the up-stream side. The men who were detailed to remain with the mules could pay out the ropes around trees and by the time they ran out the worst of the journey would he passed.

There was a moment of silent tension as the raft was pushed out into the stream. Mark felt the raft come to life, felt it rock uncertainly and then, as if seized hy a gigantic hand, the full power of the central current sent it leaping, fighting the anchor ropes. Gradually, as the soldiers on shore paid out the ropes, the raft worked into the stream. Mark experienced a choking fear as the water hid the logs, boiling across them. Above the tumult rang the cries of the unfortunates in the water as they were hattered against the raft on the upstream side.

With the crack of a great whip one of the restraining ropes snapped. The other quickly gave way and the raft rushed downstream, whirling and diving. The men at the sweeps struggled but could not maintain footing long enough to work them properly. Then, with a last devilish whirl the raft passed the crest of the flood and was driven furiously toward the other hank. Spanish filled the air as the men voiced their thanks to God and the Saints. Mark leaped in the water and aided in beaching the craft. Then, stiff and tired, they unloaded their guns and ammunition.

The former camp site was out of view, up the river, and it took twenty minutes to retrace the distance covered in four. When the point had heen reached Mark gave orders for fires to be built. Men who had heen washed farther down-stream would probably straggle in all night. A pall of gloom hung over the camp as the soldiers foraged for wood.

"We shouldn't have crossed; we shouldn't have tried it!" Mark lamented. "I'll bet we lost—thirty men."

Jed nodded. "Fuerzas is getting enough bloodshed, even if it isn't the kind he was wishing for."

● Horses stamped, hits rattled, and the deep rumble of lowered voices filled the hot, quiet air as the column halted, hidden from Villalegre by a half mile of forest. It was past mid-day and Mark was planning to strike the city during the siesta hours. José, who had been sent ahead some hours before to discover if Fuerzas had by some miracle gained the vicinity, rode quietly into camp and up to Mark. "No trace of the General, Capitán. The city rests, the people helieve the entire force is marooned at Las Lomas."

"*Bueno*," said Mark grimly. "Is the capitol well patroled?"

"Si, senor. I do not know, but I think General Moreno will be there to order the gates opened."

"Mayhe!" Jed cut in.

"We'll take that chance," said Mark, shortly. "We'll attack at once and fire off plenty of guns to give Moreno notice. We can't count on any artillery support in the event of a long battle, nor a covering charge hy Fuerzas, so I'll gallop right through town with the cavalry and attract all the attention I can. Jed, you and Sarmiento leave at once with the infantry. Connect with the trail to your plantation and wait hy the de la Concha estate until—" he looked at his watch—"one o'clock. Then bring them close to the walls and make for the gate. I'll be there."

Mark explained the maneuvers to the cavalry men, and then settled himself to the arduous task of waiting. He became nervous at the enforced delay and slightly before the time he had set for his departure, started forward. He held the pace to a walk, although José rode rapidly in advance. Mark wore two revolvers and their weight gave him a ridiculous sense of confidence. This sense of ease rapidly departed at the bitter crack of a rifle ahead. Mark turned in the saddle and waved his men on, raked his horse and plunged into a gallop.

Suddenly he perceived crouching forms in the trail at the edge of the woods. He vaguely saw rifles raised and stood up in his stirrups shouting, a battle fever raging within him. The field was crossed; magnificently the troop took a right-angled turn into town. Mark emptied his guns into the air and the troop followed his example.

Again rising in his stirrups he looked to the gate; saw that it was closed and that men were massed hehind it. The troop rounded the head of the plaza and charged across the paved area directly toward the gate, which remained steadfastly shut. Mark thought desperately of the proper maneuver to make if those iron bars did not swing wide as they were supposed to.

He seemed to look into the harrels of rifles; all thought was swept away in a great uproar and just as he swerved his horse to avoid the gate it fell open. Mark galloped

the length of the enclosure as his men deployed right and left, swerved as a soldier on the wall fired and leaped from sight on the other side, and then, fighting the animal, turned around and rode back to the gate. He saw his infantry dashing into the capitol, but all heavy firing had ceased.

Mark ordered the gate closed and then stopped, uncertain of his next move. All resistance seemed to have vanished and Jed was undouhtedly mopping up the federal buildings. Some of bis ragged soldiers appeared at the door of the University building and Mark stared vacantly as he recognized de la Concha and Professor Cramer among the prisoners. Their hands were high at the urging of guns in their backs. Mark galloped to the steps and ordered his soldiers aside.

"Señor—Professor Cramer," he hegan wildly. Professor Cramer looked stolidly away and de la Concha fixed a burning, accusing glance on him. "I—I didn't know—" Mark faltered and stopped. Shame engulfed him and the pride of conquest fled. "Take these men to the gate and release them," he commanded in Spanish and stiffly remounted.

He rode away in dull despair. He had chosen an hour when classes were not in session and he had never dreamed that Cramer and Don Roherto would he caught in the attack. Jed came running up, grinning.

"Got 'em, guy!" he shouted. "The government has fell!" He looked at Mark's face anxiously. "They didn't wing you, Mark?"

Mark shook his head. "Get José and Sarmiento and guard that gate," he snapped. "Don't let a soul in or out unless I give the word. Keep the soldiers together—there's going to he no looting."

Jed took hold of the saddle. "Listen, Mark," he said earnestly, "that's what this gang risked their lives for—looting."

"There'll be none of it," Mark said grimly.

Jed shrugged. He indicated his captives with a nod of his head. "What're you going to do with that outfit?" he wanted to know. "We played in luck—Portierros and Romanero happened to he in the place."

The soldiers at the gate broke into loud cheering and without an order from Mark the barrier swung wide. Through the gate came a staggering horse hearing General Fuerzas. He was followed by a dozen of his tried campaigners, all soaking wet and despondent.

"Congratulations, *capitán* mio," he said. "Fortunes of war, it is, that I could not be here."

Mark suddenly realized what it must mean to Fuerzas to miss out in the actual attack. "I didn't know what to do, General. I thought I'd hetter try it alone."

"I do not hlame you," Fuerzas said, smiling wanly. "You have done a splendid job."

"The fight only lasted a minute," Mark said. "Jed tells me we've taken Portierros and Romanero."

"Good! I shall now take charge." He regarded Mark critically. "You are exhaust, *amigo mio*. I suggest you and Senor Jed take your cavalry and cover the town in patrol until my infantry relieve you. After that I suggest you sleep and tomorrow at ten meet me here."

"All right," Mark sighed. Jed was approaching on the same horse he had reluctantly given up earlier in the day. Mark explained their orders hriefly and they rode through the gate with their cavalry.

Once more the riders turned up the houlevard. The town seemed deserted, and yet there was a tenseness in the air. Returning to the foot of the square once more they met a panting army of infantry. Mark rode up to an officer he recognized and ordered him to post his men throughout the city and maintain the strictest guard. Mark gathered his own men around him. "You are relieved until ten o'clock tomorrow morning, when you will meet at the capitol. The penalty for looting will be death. Martial law is in force. Tomorrow you will be amply repaid for your hravery. *Adios.*"

"Well," said Jed gravely. "I know a place."

"O. K." Mark said, without enthusiasm.

● The beat of fresh sunlight on his eyelids awakened Mark. He opened his eyes painfully to notice that he was hreathing with wide-open mouth, and that with each exhalation a little group of violets fluttered. That would mean that he lay prone in somebody's garden. He was heing kicked—kicked hy a dainty slipper. He sat up with a jerk.

"Get out of this garden!" Helen commanded. She kicked him again, vigorously.

Mark stared unbelievingly.

"Go on," Helen choked. "Get away from here hefore my dad sees you. And stay away!"

Mark scramhled to his feet and, despite himself, swayed.

"You common, low-down tramp!" Helen said slowly and disdainfully. "You drunken fool!" He took staggering steps toward the gate, trying to think, then swung around.

"Now, listen, Helen—" he began weakly.

"Go!" she ordered.

Mark shrugged, untied his horse, struggled into the saddle, reined the horse around and walked him down the street. Well, if hy any chance one thing more had heen needed to alienate Helen, he had just supplied it.

From the angle of the sun he deduced that it was probably very early morning. He couldn't remember how he had gained the Cramer's garden but reasoned that after following Jed for several hours he had set out for the bungalow either with some idea of placating Helen or apologizing to her dad. He had evidently almost gained the front door hefore collapsing.

He dismounted in front of the sidewalk cafe next to El Portal. It was barred and closed, even the tahles withdrawn. So he went into the inn and ordered coffee. He pillowed his head on the white tahle cloth and was only awakened at a different touch on the shoulder. "Your coffee, senor," the clerk said.

"*Bueno,*" Mark groaned and pulled the cup close, so that he could drink it and still rest his elhows on the tahle....

Helen returned to her room, closed the door silently and slipped her kimona from her shoulders. Her eyes were tragic. Even when her father had returned from the University the previous day and had brokenly described the result of Mark's wildness she had understood even while she condemned. Now all the faith she had in him was gone. She walked to the window and stared into the blinding sunlight. The door swung open quietly.

"Helen!"

She turned and when her father saw tears on her cheeks he went to her quickly. She threw her arms around his neck and stifled her sobs on his shoulder.

"There, there," he said helplessly, running his hand over her hair. He was lost in such a situation. He had never seen Helen cry since she was a little girl and then another Helen had heen near to comfort her.

"What's the trouble, dear?" he asked, searched blindly for something, anything, to say. "What is it? Mark?"

Helen did not answer but he knew. He blamed himself for all these years in which he had been absorbed in his own work while Helen met her problems alone. It wasn't just friendship she had had for Mark, then; it had never occurred to him that it might he something more.

"How long have you—cared?" he asked huskily.

Helen clung to him. "Always, Dad," she said. "Since I first saw him walk the campus. There was something ahout the way he did things, something glamorous—he had a chip on his shoulder—" Her voice trailed off but her father understood.

(To Be Concluded)



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demi-tasse

● Perhaps this department should more appropriately be headed "Hash", since in it you're apt to find almost anything from "Says You" letters to Sunday's lamb roast. We lingered a long time over *"Hors d'oeuvre"*, because in these colyums we hope to sharpen your appetite for issues to come; and then we just happened to remember it was two days after deadline, so we decided not to linger any longer.

How Much Does Education Cost?

Henrietta Ripperger, whose informative articles on all subjects related to college have won her an enviable literary reputation, wrote a piece for our September issue called "Four Ways of Financing an Education". Letters of inquiry poured in—at this office, at her home, at the loan foundations mentioned in the article. Mrs. Ripperger, or Henrietta as she is sometimes called, answered them as fast as she could; then she got behind in her answering, and decided to write a second article for us on the cost of education.

To get some data from a certain loan foundation in New York, she dropped in and asked to see the person in charge, giving her name. "Oh, Mrs. Ripperger," the girl said easily. *"I* remember you—you've borrowed money here before!"

Later the girl realized that the reason she knew the name was because the foundation had been receiving an average of twelve letters of inquiry, inspired by the article, each day. . . . What this started out to be was an announcement that in January we are publishing "The Cost of an Education" by Henrietta Ripperger.

Lonelyhearts

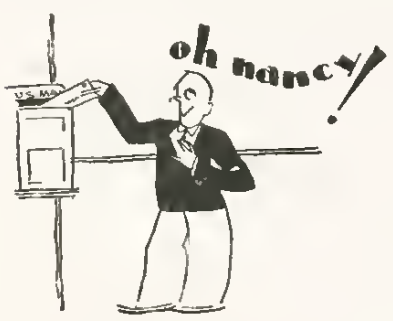
Since the epidemic of requests to secure "pen pals" through our "Says You" department (deceased), we are seriously contemplating opening up a Lonelyhearts Bureau. Getting acquainted via the post-office department is a great deal of fun, and often opens the way for the very finest sort of friendship. In fact, people are sometimes much more fun on paper than they are on a sofa . . . but that's getting away from the subject.

A young man in the Civilian Conservation Corps at Dillon, Colorado, writes as follows:

DEAR EDITORS:

In your "Says You" department you have a letter from a Miss Nancy Lee Sheldon, saying she is interested in San Francisco and would be grateful if you would arrange a correspondence for her (boy or girl) between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two.

I am a young man twenty-two years of



age, a native of San Francisco. I attended the University of California for one year until financial difficulties forced me to curtail my studies; however, I am hoping to return to college before long. I am at present engaged in work with the Civilian Conservation Corps, and am miserly saving my hard-earned money for just that purpose. I should greatly appreciate it if you would send me Miss Sheldon's address. One thing we have in common is that we are both exceedingly interested in San Francisco.

I want to take this opportunity to tell you that I have been a diligent reader of your magazine for the past four years and wish you continued success.

BILL ACKER.

Being of a romantic nature, we have already in mind a very pretty picture of Bill and Nancy riding over the purple hills together, or eating hot dogs on the peak of a lonely mesa. . . . Can we put you in touch with anybody? This thing might eventually attain the dignity of a real department, with a heading and everything. It ought to please a lot of people, and annoy at least several.

Family Album

If you don't think it would be fun to give a cocktail party and invite the people who contributed to this issue, you're crazy. Red Grange probably wouldn't come, but he'd be swell even if he did; and George Dunscomb, who wrote "77", the novel you liked so well, would be a distinct asset. You can tell by reading two paragraphs of Joseph Hilton Smyth's "Nuder Gender" that he'd do; and I can tell from talking to Jimmy "Virginia" Aswell two minutes on the phone that *he* would. Darrell Ware and Albie Booth and Russell Patterson . . . say, where are the girls? Quick, call up some girls. Lots of girls.



Happy 1934

Indications point to a sane New Year, and all of you who are making resolutions to learn how to "take it" will want to read the sage advice of Julian Street, whose article "How to Drink Like a Gentleman" we are proud to announce for our January issue. It is one of the most delightful pieces on drinking that has ever found its way into print, and if this generation doesn't need instruction on the subject after the ravages of the last few years, we'll cut holes in our new black velvet dress.

Note of Resentment

DEAR EDITORS:

I don't wear horn-rimmed spectacles and I don't cut straight A's in all my classes; nevertheless I do resent the very conspicuous slight accorded the college intelligentsia by your magazine.

Why not devote a little of your rotogravure space to the college student who uses his head for more than flaunting a classic profile? You know some people do go to college to study. Beauty is one of those "acts of God", and campus fame is mostly politics.

RUBYE FOGEL,
Duke University, '36.

We can't help but deplore such cynicism in one so young and, we suspect, so lovely. Can we help it if you look only at the pictures which flaunt classic profiles? Can we help it if the boy with brains happens to be good looking? . . . However, we'll root around in the files and try to find a couple of real gorillas.

Buy American

A girl who graduated from Vassar in 1925 is America's foremost designer of smart women's clothes. Her name is Elizabeth Hawes. The story of her most amazing success and the reasons for the popularity of her creations is an absorbing one. Girls in college who love clothes and want to work among them—or even just girls who love clothes—or even just girls—will want to read "Scissors and Hawes" in the January issue of this magazine.



Mystery Man

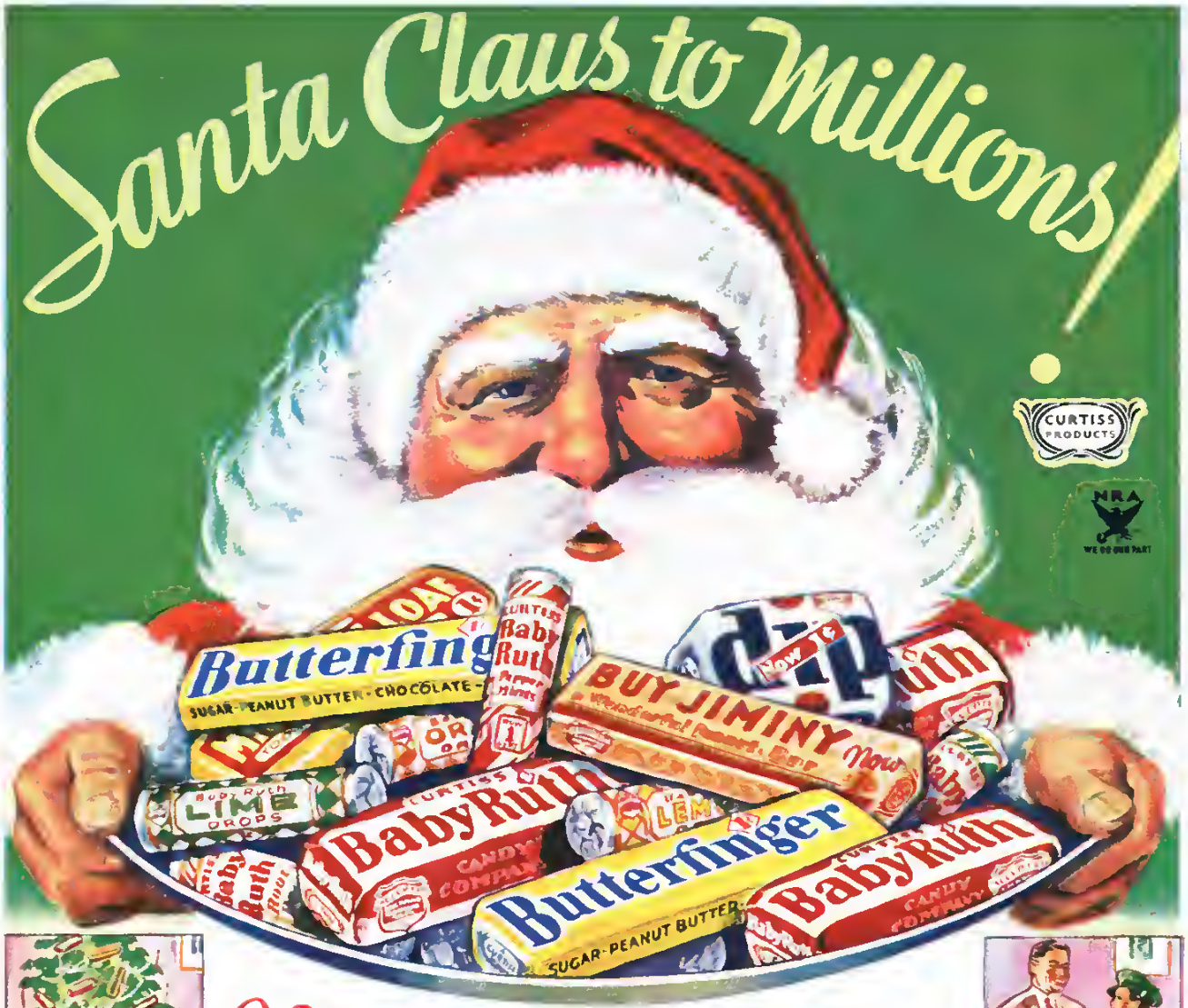
We wish we could reveal to you the identity of the author of "Writing as a Business", in this issue, but you can see why a man who confesses to an income of $15,000 a year can't have his name bandied around. When he came in to deliver the article he was disguised in a long gray beard and an astrakhan overcoat, but we recognized him anyway and he's had to move three times to get away from us. Free lance writers who earn great amounts of money yearly have a fatal fascination for this department. Not that we're a gold-digger (whoever invented this "editorial we" stuff?)—but we gotta find out how they do it.

Snacks

If you're a person as likes to know what colleges your favorite authors attended, paste this in your watch under Joseph Hilton Smyth: Hawvud and Awxfud. We are personally cuh-razy about his new novel, "The Nuder Gender", and we never expected to like anything with a nudist colony in it. . . . Walker Everett's titles are always interesting. Remember his first short, "Story Without Love"? And now comes "Exit the Hero". We suggest next, "Enter Maid, Dusting". Walker spent a year in Mallorca, but returned to Chicago for some unknown reason, bringing with him some very nice water colors. He doesn't like to show them, but they can be had. "Exit the Hero", which is the fiction feature of our January issue, happens at St Moritz and has the sparkle of snow and the suspense of a toboggan-ride. I wouldn't tell you any more for a big red apple.

Dorothy Ann

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